McKean County Miner.

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BOY KILLED IN THE WOODS ON COLE CREEK.

Russel Dailey Was Struck by a Log He Was Sawing.

HE LIVED ONLY A FEW HOURS.

The Log Struck Him Over the Heart—Was Under Twelve Years Old—Burial Took Place Here on Sunday.

Russel, the eleven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Dailey, was almost instantly killed while cutting wood on his father's job on Cole Creek last Thursday. He was struck over the heart and lived only a few hours after the accident.

Mr. Dailey has a job cutting boiler wood for [illegible] Kane and during the summer his two sons, aged 11 and 14, assist him as much as possible with his work. It was the custom for Mr. Dailey to handle one end of the cross-cut saw and the two boys the other. A large beech tree had been cut down and, while their father went a [illegible] the boys decided to cut the log up with the other. They were on the [illegible] and when it was about three-fourths off the log suddenly broke and the end swung around, striking the little fellow in the breast. His father saw the accident and rushed to the side of his son, carried him to the house and summoned medical assistance but the boy was past all human aid and passed away in a few hours.

In one way it was very fortunate that Mr. Dailey was not [illegible] for had he [illegible] boys would have been working on that side of the log and probably both would have been killed.

Russel was extremely large and strong for his age and enjoyed helping his father in the woods. He was a bright, active, cheerful child and the two boys more than did the work of a man while assisting their father.

The funeral services were held at the house on Sunday morning owing to the illness of Mrs. Dailey, who gave birth to a child on the day Russel died, Rev. Smith of Farmers Valley officiating and his remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery. A special train on the Kushequa Route brought the body and relatives and friends to Smethport, arriving at 1 p. m. Sunday.

Died from Accidental Poisoning.

Mrs. Olive Burkholder, aged 25 years, died very sudenly at the Salvation Army barracks at 11 o'clock Monday evening, under most distressing circumstances.

During the early part of the evening she had been in attendance at a farewell reception given for Adjutant Wiggins at salvation Army hall on Kennedy street. She appeared to be in her usual health and partook of the refreshments. Presently she left the hall and went to her home on Davis street, where she took an over dose of medicine. As soon as she had discovered her mistake, the woman went at once to the corner of Main and Webster streets, where her husband conducts a pop corn stand and informed him that she had taken too much medicine and was going to die. Almost at the same moment, she sank to the sidewalk.

Officer Binney happened to be in the vicinity and he hurried to the assistance of the prostrate woman. She was taken by the policeman and Mr. Burkholder to the Salvation Army hall.

Dr. Robison was called, but before he could reach her side the patient was beyond human aid. The poison she had swallowed was causing her great agony and she shrieked most pitifully for help as she was being taken to the barracks. Upon reaching there she was seized with convulsions and died, begging Adjutant Wiggins to pray for her.—Bradford Era.

Has Appendicitis.

Miss Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Pancoast of this borough, was taken to Bradford in an automobile Tuesday morning, and in the afternoon at the Bradford Hospital she was operated on for appendicitis by Dr. Benninghoff. The operation was a success and the little sufferer is doing as well as possible.

She was taken ill on Monday and a physician called but an operation was not decided upon until Tuesday morning. At that time her condition was much worse and all possible haste was made. Dr. Benninghoff said her case was a very bad one and she would not have lived twelve hours longer without an operation.

Wanted.

A lot of spring chickens weighing from two pounds up. Also older fowls.

O. H. GLEASON,
Kushequa Depot.

Lawn Swings.

We have a few of our own make left, closing them out at $5, less than cost.—
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Murder at Emporium.

Ora Odell, an East Emporium grocer, brutally murdered his wife last Thursday afternoon and then shot himself in the head. The woman lived four hours with three bullets in her neck and head. The man will recover.

It is said that Odell has always been a heavy drinker. At times he became despondent and ugly and often threatened to kill his wife and himself. Thursday afternoon while his wife was waiting on a number of customers Odell was standing in the doorway of the shop talking loudly with a man.

Then he walked into the shop and began, it is said, to quarrel with the customers. He did not seem to be drunk. Several of the girls ran out of the store screaming. Odell walked up to the counter, from behind which his wife was appealing to him to be quiet.

"No, I won't; I don't have to," he said. "I told you what I was going to do. Now I'm going to do it."

A revolver flashed from his back pocket and his wife fell over the counter, blood streaming from three wounds, one in the neck and two in the head.

The Odell children, a boy twelve years old and a girl fourteen years old, attracted by the shots ran to the door leading into the living rooms. Their father was standing in a [illegible] circle of frightened men and women.

Odell [illegible] There was [illegible] crowd, and Odell raised [illegible] to the [illegible] and fired again.

It is said at the hospital that, while he is in a dangerous condition there is a good chance for Odell to recover. In a conscious moment he denied that he had shot his wife and he said he did not remember anything that he had done since he had been talking in the doorway of the shop.

Crawford County Horses for King.

Meadville Messenger: Edward VII, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Emperor of India, [illegible] of many sovereigns, rides behind a pair of equine horses bred and fed at Springboro, in this county.

His imperial majesty is known as one of the most critical connoisseurs of horse flesh among royalty, and he has had the equine breeds of the universe to select from. But his real choice was fixed upon a high stepping pair driven by Alfred G. Vanderbilt at the international horse show, and his imperial majesty forthwith decree that the magnificent animals nurtured and developed into kings of their kind upon the grass of Crawford county must form the favorite pair of the royal stables.

The animals are named King Edward and King James, a pair of typical stage coach horses, 16½ hands high. George King, of Springboro, bred them, mated them and sold them to Mr. Vanderbilt about a year ago. Since then they have won many prizes in this country as well as the international horse show.

On the occasion of her visit to the recent exhibition at Olympia Queen Alexandra saw them and admired them for their stately carriage and brilliant style and action. Soon after the show ended the King's equerry, Sir Henry Ewart, opened negotiations for their purchase and the sale was effected just before the Minnehaha steamed out of port.

The Two-Cent Rate at Home.

The Bradford Sunday Herald says: The two-cent rate bill which passed the legislature at the last session, while in general is a benefit to most of the state, may work a hardship to the residents of McKean county and may cause two of the smaller roads to quit hauling passengers.

The narrow gauge running from Mt. Jewett to Kane has a hard struggle for existance under present conditions and with the new law in operation this road will quit business, unless there is some new arrangement made with the B. & O. railroad, from which it leases its tracks. The road cannot afford to operate under present conditions with mileage at two cents per mile.

The Kushequa, a small road owned by E. K. Kane, which is a valuable connecting link from Newton to Smethport, will suffer greatly from the new law. Without this road people having business at the county seat will be compelled to go to Smethport via Olean on the Pennsylvania. People going from Bradford to Smethport could well afford to pay ten cents per mile to avoid going in this round-about way.

Clarion State Normal.

Examine into the merits of this school before you decide to go elsewhere. Address a postal, "Principal Normal School Clarion, Pa.," and you will receive full particulars and catalogue. Fall term opens September 10.

Free to Kidney Sufferers.

A 50c. box of the famous specific, Doan's Kidney Pills will be given to any one suffering with kidney trouble who calls at McCoy's Drug Store, on Friday, July 26.

Place your order for all kinds of fancy ice cream in bricks, moulds or bulk at Brasted's. Delivery on short notice.

Ice cream and cake 10 cents on Saturday night at Brasted's.

AN ITALIAN COMMITS A BAD ASSAULT

Tony Mike, a Young Italian, Probably Fatally Wounded.

ASSAILANT USED A KNIFE.

Augustine Frank, Under the Influence of Beer, Severly Cuts a Countryman.

Tony Mike, a young Italian was dangerously wounded in a miniature riot which occurred at Bingham station at a late hour last Thursday night and it is doubtful if he will recover. Augustine Frank, who slashed Tony with a long knife, is in jail in default of $1,000 bail, awaiting the result of his work and trial at the October term of court on a charge of felonious assault.

It appears that a number of Italians, who are engaged in cutting chemical wood and live in a shanty at the above named place, held a beer social on the aforesaid night just to celebrate the arrival of pay day, with the usual result—a riot between themselves.

Tony Mike was the cause of the trouble, because, having absorbed all he could comfortably hold, he expressed a desire to retire before the ceremonies were over. Augustine and in fact most of the bunch, took exceptions to this social error on Tony's part, and decided that it would be the proper thing to inject a little etiquette into his system on the point of a dagger and they proceeded at once. Tony was all cut up over the unseemly conduct of his friends and it will be some time before he is himself again, so [illegible] in regard to such matters.

News of the affair was telephoned into Bradford and several minions of the law came upon a late [illegible] but all was quiet by the time they arrived [illegible] except Tony. Augustine had disappeared as usual.

On Saturday District Attorney Mayo caused a warrant to be issued for the arrest of the would-be murderer, and that document was placed in the hands of Constable E. W. Jones, with the instructions to "go fetch." It is said that "Billy" can scent a bad Dago further than "Doc" Hazen's hound can a bobcat and we guess it is about right for he brought him in Sunday afternoon and had him up before Justice R. L. Knapp Monday morning.

"Bill" sniffed around a little Saturday afternoon and evening and on Sunday morning he struck a trail which led him into the woods near the scene of the original trouble. There he saw "signs" and waited. Pretty soon he saw an Italian child carrying a plate of food and he followed him until he entered a dense thicket. This looked pretty good to our sleuth and after stationing a few men on the "runways" he made a dash into the tall timber and it was not long before he came out with his meat—Augustine Frank.

It is taking pretty big chances to go after these tough Dagos the way "Bill" does and there are not many men who are particularly anxious for these jobs, but he seems to like it and says "it is more fun than hunting bear." He has captured more dangerous Dagos since he has held this office than all the other constables in the county and this class of foreigners has learned to fear him more than a dozen ordinary officers.

Burdick-McCammon.

Mr. Lynn Burdick and Miss Orra McCammon both of this place were united in marriage at Olean on Thursday, July 18, 1907.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McCammon and is popular among a host of friends in this place. The groom is a young man of exemplary habits who has many friends who will unite with the MINER in wishing the happy young couple a long life of prosperity.

Westbrook Academy Opening.

This school will begin its 26th year Sept. 3. Business, Shorthand, Typewriting and English courses. For catalogue and particulars address E. D. Westbrook, principal, Olean, N. Y.

Notice.

Why let your hay spoil on account of a leaky roof when you can get cedar shingles at $2.50 per thousand, also a good quality of hemlock lumber at $18 of CHAS. PHALON, Crosby.

Parrots and Birds for Sale.

I am taking orders for parrots and song birds. Call on or address,

E. M. CHEESEMAN,
Smethport, Pa.

Lost

A lady's gold watch and pin at the grove meeting at Farmers Valley on Sunday last. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning to this office.

Window and Door Screens

Made to order, or the factory grades,
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Young's store is still headquarters for bargains.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Ayers-Fay.—At the residence of A. A. Stephens, Keating Township, Pa., Oct. 26, 1886, by M. N. Allen, Esq., Mr. Jackson Ayers and Mary Fay, both of Hornellsville, N. Y.

Bush-Batty.—In Smethport, Nov. 9, 1886, by Rev. C. H. Mitchelmore, Mr. A. J. Bush of Smethport, to Mrs. Etta Batty of West Clarksville, N. Y.

The news reached us Thursday morning, November 18, 1886, that Adam Martin, Esq., of Sergeant Township, died at his home in that township Wednesday afternoon at 15 minutes before 3 o'clock. Mr. Martin was about 83 years of age and was one of the oldest citizens of this county. He was a man of sterling traits of character and was highly esteemed by all the people of this section of the county who were acquainted with him. He has been very much out of health for a year or two and for two or three months past his death has been expected at any time by his friends.

Died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Arnold McFall, in this borough, on Friday morning, November 19, 1886, Mrs. Betsy C. Corwin, aged 74 years. Mrs. Corwin was born in Cazenovia, N. Y., in 1812. In her early years she lived much of her time with her grandparents. In 1820 she left them and came to Franklinville, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., and about two years later moved with her friends to this county. When about 19 years old she was married to Benjamin Corwin, at White's Corners, about four miles from this place up Marvin creek. Some time afterwards they located near Smethport, on a farm Mr. Corwin owned for many years. It adjoins the borough line on the Marvin creek road, and is now owned by William Haskell. Some twelve or fifteen years ago Mr. Corwin sold his farm, built a house in the borough and lived here with his family until his death a few years ago. He was a deacon in the Smethport Baptist church for many years prior to his death and at her death Mrs. Corwin had been a consistent member of the church 47 years. She was the mother of nine children, six of whom died before her. The three remaining children, Mrs. McFall, George and Benjamin reside here. Mrs. Corwin was a sister of the wife of Joseph Coats who resided here many years ago. Mrs. Fitz-Henry Arnold of Port Allegany is a daughter of Mrs. Coats, the latter still living with her children in Minnesota, Mr. Coats having been dead several years. Mrs. Arnold and her brother, Charles Coats, who resides in Minnesota, were present at the funeral of Mrs Corwin. The funeral services were held in the Baptist church in this place on Sunday and were conducted by the pastor, Rev. C. H. Mitchelmore, assisted by Rev. Wm. Bradley of the Methodist church. The pastor preached a very impressive sermon. The church was filled with friends and neighbors of the deceased who were present to pay their respects to the remains of a loving mother and a devoted friend.

W. Colegrove, whose home is at Eldred, a brakeman on the Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia railroad, was run over by a freight train at Shippen on Friday, Nov. 19, 1886. He was standing on one track motioning to his engineer and did not notice a train approaching from the other way. Drs. Young and Balfour of Eldred, amputated his left leg. His back was also hurt and it is feared he was injured internally.

I will mail you free, to prove merit samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my book on either Dyspepsia, the heart or the kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment and not the cause. Weak stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean stomach weakness, always. And the Heart and the kidneys as well, have their controling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoops Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy ever claims to treat the "inside nerves". Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write to-day for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop's Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all dealers.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

This college has recently taken a new place among the colleges of the country. Within five years, six new buildings have been erected, new professors added and entering classes nearly doubled. Good traditions, strong faculty, superb location, beautiful grounds and buildings, reasonable expenses. Fall term opens September 17th. Write for catalogue to President Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

Free for Catarrh, just to prove merit a trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucaliptus, Thymol, menthol etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

WANTED—Logs of all kinds. Hemlock lath bolts cut 50 inches delivered to our mill.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Don't forget to stop at Young's store and look over the inducements offered.

JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Republican Candidate for State Treasurer.

Extravagant Economy.

A good deal of women's expensive economy is due to the false teaching they receive from many of the magazines and papers that are run for their benefit and instruction, and which are the most [illegible] misleading and misguiding publications on earth, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

These [illegible] are strong on saving, and great on theories about how to utilize things about the house. Never throw anything away. Take care of everything. Keep a stock pot simmering on the back of the kitchen stove. Preserve your bread crumbs as if they were diamonds. Make your parlor chairs out of old soap boxes is their eternal advice.

It sounds good and easy and plausible and I suppose there isn't any woman out of the millionaire class living that hasn't been taken in by this specious reasoning. After we have tried a few of the economical remedies advanced some of us have the sense to abandon them, and later on acquire a saving bank account. Other women keep on trying them to the end of the chapter and acquire ingrowing poverty and permanent bad health.

Take, for example, the pleasing suggestion about getting rich by means of saving every particle of left-over meat and the scrapings of the gravy bowl to go in to the stock pot. That seems reasonable and feasible until you reflect on the price of gas, and that nothing short of eternal vigilance is going to get just the right thing out of it. If a woman has nothing else in the world to do, and is willing to give her entire mind and attention to it, there is no doubt that she can save 10 or 15 cents a week on her soup by the installation of a stock pot, but it's a mighty big outlay of time and money for a little profit, and it does look as if any intelligent and able-bodied woman might put in her time more profitably.

These same authorities are responsible for the eternal bread pudding that has broken up so many happy homes, driven men to drink, and children to run off to become Indians and pirates. The woman didn't want to make the bread pudding, and her family refused to eat it, but she simply had to do it for her conscience sake, because she had to save two cents worth of bread crumbs by wasting 50 cents worth of sugar and milk, and butter and spices and raisins to make a concoction that nobody desired.

And—let us mingle our tears together, sisters—who has not fallen a victim to home made furniture, and the home made rugs and the home-made portieres fallacy. How beautiful it reads: "An elegant and convient empire chair may be easily constructed at home with little cost by means of a cheese box, some springs, a yard or two of satin brocade," etc., etc.

With what enthusiasm and blind faith one routes out the cheese box and gets out the hammer and begins! With what broken back and mashed fingers one continues! With what despair one ends by surveying the abortion one has created! With what chagrin one counts up the cost, and with what lamentations one reflects upon the money that has been wasted! Of course, the girls nowdays who go through the manuel training school may be able to make their own furniture with economy, but for a woman who hasn't had a carpenter annex to her education there is no other extravagence so wild and costly as to get busy with amateur upholstry. She could buy carved mahogany cheaper.

Through a Window-Screen on Long Island.

To thoroughly enjoy the [illegible] and orchard at night, one must look out of darkened rooms when the dim moonlight half reveals and half conceals the pranks and frolics of earth's children. It is unnecessary to say breathless silence, for the low conversational voices of friends sitting close to the open window, waiting to see "what's going to happen to-night," are [illegible] and rather startlingly interrupted by the whipping [illegible] of the night bird to "whip poor will." So insistent is he that such a [illegible] is called, that it is repeated frequently over two hundred times, ever with increasing emphasis and strength. Now and then will come a comical break as if an unwary mosquito had popped into the bird's open mouth and was tickling his throat.

Immediately after the song is finished the unwearied singer will rise from the flower-bed right under your very window, make a short circuit to the side of the house, perhaps, and then return to the self-same spot and tell you again what he thinks ought to be done to poor Will. If one can waken at the very first "crack of dawn" the next morning, he may hear one of these birds singing as soloist close to the bed-room window while off in a somewhat distant grove, the softened voices of many robins uphold his song with a sweet accompanying chorus.

But we must return to the night revel on the lawn. While our ears listen, our eyes wander a little and are attracted by two little baby bunnies playing like kittens on the short grass—how sweet the world must seem to them as they poke their noses among the dewy heads of white clover. Far more so than to the poor "human," who, on going into his garden the next morning, finds that a number of his carefully tended young cabbages have been sacrificed as refreshments to the hungry revelers of the night before.

All of this has been illumined by myriads of fire-flies—see the necessity of partly shadowed moonlight? One could almost imagine them to be lanterns swung by faries in their merry dancing and wild, free flights—in and out among the dark trees, making them, for even less than a second, look like living Christmas trees, illumined as no human hand can ever hope to imitate. Then the fairy lights drop down straight into the grass of the orchard as if the faries chose to rest, balancing themselves on daisy blossoms still swinging their lanterns back and forth, sometimes they might be called "dark lanterns."

All this peace makes one dread the coming intrusion of the trolley, as its cars will rush through the now quiet fields and the anxious motorman plays discordant pedal solos on his gong.

S. S. S.

Headache and constipation disappear when Dades Little Liver Pills are used. They keep the system clean, the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cuts burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized. Acts like a poultice, and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Slab Wood.

16 inch hardwood slabs, only 75c per cord.
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Young's bargain sale is still on.

The Night Errand of a Knight Errant.

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

Copyright, 1906, by James Schreiber.

THE Panola people are exclusive. So are the mountain peaks. Both are lonely. Also both inspire awe in the beholder.

There are five of the Panola people to share the exclusiveness and the loneliness they have elected to maintain, a mother and four daughters. The mother looks as young as the youngest daughter, and the youngest daughter looks as old as the oldest. The entire group has a contemporaneous appearance. They talk contemporaneously, and they think in a batch. They have the effect of being preserved in amber for the consideration of future students of their kind. They would well repay the cost of the amber and the labor of preservation. They are the peculiar product of a day that is done.

Locally they are always spoken of as "the Panola ladies." Panola is the Indian word for cotton. As their lands are given over to the exclusive cultivation of that staple the name stands justified. Even in their industries, you will perceive, they were exclusive.

Whenever the demands of the larder render it imperative that provisions shall be conveyed from the store to the plantation two of the young ladies go for them. It is not at all easy to decide whether it is the youngest two or the oldest.

It was on one such occasion that Bixby, the storekeeper, bubbling over with the best intentions, gave some advice and invited his doom. Few people ever ventured to advise the St. John Daltons. No one ever did it successfully.

In a spirit of veiled apology for the meagerness of the purchases he was stowing under the seat of their old buggy, one of the young ladies thus plaintively alluded to the stringency of the money market:

"What with our cabins out of repair and the restlessness of tenants it is impossible to keep such a large estate as ours in proper condition at the present price of cotton."

Bixby beamed benevolently upon the two pinched aristocrats, blundered and fell from grace. "Right you are, my dear young ladies. But, I say, why not cut the blamed old place up into small farms and sell 'em off to darkies? You could keep enough right around the house to do for a garden and a corn patch for old Highflyer here, and live in clover on the proceeds of the rest."

The old leathered reins were gathered impatiently by the small, thin hand of the driver. Her bony finger tips showed through the frayed fingers of her gloves. The flash of a diamond ring pierced the third finger of the old glove. Her sister looked vaguely over Bixby's head.

"Have you put up 10 cents' worth of laundry soap, Mr. Bixby?"

Bixby flushed before her frigid glance, but answered meekly, "Yessum."

"And a package of cooking soda?"

"Best bicarb. Soda's all right."

"Thank you. That is all this morning. Get up, Highflier!"

After the manner of a woman proficient in rubbing things in, the storekeeper's wife added a last drop to his cup of bitterness.

"Maybe some of these days, Bixby, you'll know enough to save your breath to cool your porridge. When folks are tendering advice to them St. John Daltons it's time for the cows to come home with butter on their horns. Come to your dinner, Reuben."

"RIGHT YOU ARE, MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES."

She had found him conferring affably with a strange man. From Mrs. Bixby's point of view measureless possibilities of iniquity attached to every strange man.

"Ladies from top to toe," Bixby was saying, "but in a fair way to come to actual want with silver and gold enough locked away in jewelry and tableware to keep them in comfort all the rest of their days."

"How about the men of the family?" the stranger asked with what Mrs. Bixby declared "vicious alertness."

"Got none. Father and two boys picked off at Chickamauga. Mother writes poetry about 'em and about old times. Daughters scuffle round some sort of fash'n to keep body and soul together."

"How far do they live from here?"

"About three miles straight back toder the swamp. A lonesomer spot never was. Hanged if I don't think it's a deadly risk for a lot of unprotected females to be livin' in such a place with no locks and no men folks."

At which juncture Mrs. Bixby had appeared on the store gallery and given her peremptory invitation to dinner with such an accompaniment of frowns that Bixby accepted it without delay. When they reached the family quarters behind the store Mrs. Bixby turned upon her spouse to rend him.

"Heaven help you, Reuben Bixby, for a first class idiot. For you to up and tell a strange man, from the Lord only knows where, exactly how he can help himself to all he wants out at Panola. If they are every one of them murdered in their beds tonight, poor creatures, they will have you to thank for it."

Bixby's flesh turned rough with terror. He blanched at the picture of his wife's drawing. She beamed her satisfaction at results.

"So you begin to see it, do you?" she went on.

He began to see it. In great distress of soul he took counsel with his bookkeeper. What should he do to prevent those five innocent aristocrats from being murdered in their beds or, to them a much worse fate, being despoiled of their ancestral belongings, the things which were more than meat or raiment to them?

Bixby's bookkeeper was young. More than that, he had long entertained a hopeless adoration for the youngest of the Miss Daltons. He was fired with the chivalric resolve to protect the whole batch of Panola ladies from the possible consequences of Bixby's indiscretion.

By the time his own supper was disposed of that night the bookkeeper's plans were perfected. He would drop in at Brent's, where the fellow had left his sample trunks, and find out what he was about. It was clearly his duty not to lose sight of the villain. But at Brent's, where a laughing, story telling group of knights of the road were filling the air with smoke and chatter, that particular drummer was not to be found.

The inference was plain and blood curdling. He had already started for Panola with heaven only knew what diabolical schemes in his head. Interception then must be his own role. It was a good three miles' tramp along a dark and muddy lane, but immortal glory awaited him at the other end. "The fellow" must have had a good start of him. There were no signs of the villain anywhere. Not even when he reached the much bepatched fence about the Panola house were there any signs of travel in that direction save the footprints he was himself leaving in the heavy mud.

Under that lichen covered roof slumbered five timid, helpless females, all of them lovely, one of them adorable. They would never know it, for he, their guardian angel, would steal away with the first gray shaft of dawn, having kept vigil over their slumbers throughout the hours of darkness.

Or, greater glory yet, he might fall a victim to his chivalric duties. With a shuddering sense of his own inferiority he recalled the stalwart proportions of the inquisitive villain. But to die in defense of such a creature, his soul clung to the similar nobleness, would be bliss, provided he might only hear her say before his last gasp, "Jonas, live for me!" which of course he would politely decline doing.

As a group the Panola ladies were interesting. As an individual Miss Maude was absorbing. He had never yet addressed her as an individual. She knew him only as a fetcher and carrier of brown paper parcels from Bixby's shelves to their buggy.

The world had doled out happiness to Jonas with but a niggard's hand. But tonight he would wipe out all old scores. He groped his way through the wreck of a highly ornate front gate. He advanced boldly up the broken brick walk. As the villain had not preceded him he was still to arrive. Fortune had given him the floor. Tonight he was only Bixby's clerk. Tomorrow he would be—

Bang!

He spun about, with his hand to his pistol pocket. Where was the miscreant?

Bang! Bang!

Heavens! Those shots came from behind those faithless doors. The miscreant had already effected his entrance.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

There must be twenty men there. He promptly put a tree between himself and annihilation.

As the smoke of this one sided battle cleared away a gentle, unshaken voice floated across the intervening space charged with inquiry:

"Kindly let us know who that is skulking behind that pecan tree. Speak distinctly, please, so that no mistake shall be made between foe or friend before we fire again."

Bixby's bookkeeper preferred not to speak at all. He was making a mental map of the premises he had traversed with a view to strategic movements toward the rear. Again that sweet unshaken voice:

"Please let us know who that is behind our pecan tree. We do not want to hurt any one, but we ought to tell you that there are still three loaded pistols on hand."

A dim vision of flying legs and fluttering coat skirts was vouchsafed the fair garrison briefly. The big gate groaned on its rusty hinges impelled by a wild push. There was nothing but a straw hat left on the battlefield.

With a momentary disregard of values, Miss Maude Dalton laid her still smoking pistol down upon a priceless Florentine table. She glanced at the weapon frowningly.

"I must take it to pieces tomorrow. It is getting hard on trigger. Rusty from disuse, I suppose."

The oldest Miss Dalton picked the weapon up and wiped off the Florentine table caressingly with the sleeve of the wrapper she had drawn over her nightgown.

"Maudie, you show our dear old table no more respect than if it were kitchen deal."

Miss Maude followed her sister's movements abstractedly. "I do wish we knew who it was," she said.

The five St. John Daltons laughed contemporaneously and contemptuously.

"Some one who has yet to find out that women can protect themselves in the hour of need. Mamma, dear, I do hope this untimely disturbance will not give you one of your bad headaches," said the eldest.

Bixby's clerk stopped in at Brent's tavern on his way back to the store. He really felt the need of something to quiet his nerves. Moreover, he might incidentally learn something about the movements of that fellow. Agitation, disappointment and perplexity struggled for the supremacy in his knightly bosom. The night clerk at Brent's bar must have made the toddy Jonas ordered unusually strong, or perhaps fatigue did it. He fell asleep on the cane settee soon after imbibing it.

When he awoke it was midnight, and the inquisitive villain was giving an order to the night clerk. Bixby's bookkeeper was intensely wide awake in half a second. His tired eyes opened to their fullest capacity when he discovered in the fellow's hand the straw hat which he was last conscious of as it had dropped from his fleeing head.

The fellow came over and seated himself by the dazed owner of the hat.

HE DISCOVERED IN THE FELLOW'S HAND HIS STRAW HAT.

He passed a long gentlemanly hand gently over its soiled ribbon as he said:

"I picked this up in the Panola front yard a little while back, and as it is not likely I shall be going back to Mr. Bixby's perhaps you will be so good as to leave it on his counter so that the owner may find it."

The baffled knight errant fell into the trap. "Then it was you that fired all those shots?" he asked.

A demure smile wrinkled the corners of the "fellow's" lips. "I? No, I am afraid I cannot claim the laurels of this occasion, I suspect. It was my cousin Maude," he said.

The jaws of his hearer dropped disconsolately. "Your what?"

"My cousin—and, as it will be generally known by tomorrow night, my fiancee."

"The devil! A St. John Dalton marry a drummer?"

"As to that, she might and never regret it. In point of fact, she is not."

"But those three big sample trunks?"

"Contain Miss Dalton's trousseau. I am treating you with great confidence, you perceive, because I have a favor to ask of you. In some mysterious way I have lost the box containing the wedding ring. Girls are so superstitious about such things that I did not care to let Miss Dalton know of my arrival until the ring I have telegraphed for reaches here by the boat. I stopped on Bixby's gallery just after my cousins had driven away, and the talk there going on made me uneasy, so as I had to ride out to the landing to send my telegram I came back by way of Panola."

"And was there when I"—

This time the "fellow" permitted himself a well bred laugh.

"No, 'pon honor, the girls did it all before I got there. But it was a matter of some speculation while I was there as to why you did not answer when you were spoken to. You see, the name in your hat gave you away."

"Oh, dear! And I went there to protect them against you."

"Really? That was tremendously kind of you."

The little bookkeeper was red and writhing. "But you said you had a favor to ask of me," he stammered.

"Yes. The ring ought to come up by boat at daybreak. It will come to Bixby's care. Would you be so good as to see that I get it by 6 o'clock in the morning?"

A Seasonable Wish.

Mrs. Outatown—Jack, dear, they say that new neighbor of ours is a frightful somnambulist. Last night he got up in his sleep and milked his cow.

Mr. Outatown—Is that so? I wish he'd wander over here and mow our lawn.—Houston Post.

A Crowd Is Not Company.

But little do men perceive what solitude is and how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.—Bacon's Essay on "Friendship."

A Good Point.

Prospective Purchaser—I like the looks of this automobile, but suppose I should run over some one and— Salesman—The springs are so easy, sir, you'd scarcely be jarred at all.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There is nothing commonplace which could not be made to appear humorous if quaintly expressed.—Goethe.

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The Scrap Book

The Odd Pair of Boots.

"Why, John, what a stupid action this is," said a captain of the horse to his servant. "You have brought me a pair of boots that do not match. One has a high top and the other a low one."

"I have been wondering about that myself, and I don't understand it," said the man, "but the most curious part of it is that on the shoe box stands another pair just like this one."

IS IT TRUE?

Is it true, O Christ in heaven,
That the highest suffer most?
That the strongest wander farthest
And more hopelessly are lost?
That the mark of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain?
And the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain?

Is it true, O Christ in heaven,
That whichever way we go
Walls of darkness must surround us,
Things we would but cannot know?
That the infinite must bound us
Like a temple veil unrent,
Whilst the finite ever wearies
So that none's therein content?

Is it true, O Christ in heaven,
That the fullness yet to come
Is so glorious and so perfect
That to know would strike us dumb?
That if even for a moment
We could pierce beyond the sky
With these poor, dim eyes of mortals
We should just see God and die?

Generous.

"Tommy, did you give your brother the best part of the apple, as I told you to?"

Tommy—Yessum; I gave him the seeds. He can plant 'em and have a whole orchard.—Ladies' Home Journal.

As Children See Things.

A Canadian school principal, Miss Agnes Cameron, in the Century tells of a boy who wrote:

"When a gentleman walks with a lady on the public street, no gentleman walks inside the lady."

To the question, "What is dew?" another child answered: "The earth revolves on its own axis 365 times in twenty-four hours. This rapid motion through space causes its sides to perspire; this is called dew."

In a geography class I asked: "Tom, your father is a sailor. Would it be possible for him to start today to go round the world and keep on sailing always in the same direction till he came back to his starting point?"

"No, Miss Cameron."

"Why?"

"He's in jail."

It was a little girl whose imagination took the bit in its teeth with this audacious run across country: "Elizabeth is well known in literature. She patronized Shakespeare and encouraged Shirley. She was dearly fond of hawks and horses and hounds, chivalry and cavalry and other animals of the chase. In glory and honor and majesty we see her strut in her German gardens. Raleigh set his cloak for her, but Elizabeth fondly died a maiden queen."

Home, Sweet Home.

The wife of a naval officer attached to the academy at Annapolis has in her employ an Irish servant who recently gave evidence of homesickness.

"You ought to be contented and not pine for your old home, Bridget," said the lady of the house. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you, and you have lots of friends here."

"Tis, mum," sadly replied Bridget; "but it's not the place where I be that makes me homesick; it is the place where I don't be."—Lippincott's.

The Pride of a Governor.

"Out in my state," says a Missouri congressman, "we used to have a governor by the name of Stewart. This was way back when I was a boy. They tell how Stewart, among others, was once entertaining the Prince of Wales on the occasion many years ago when he visited this country. They gave a great ball in St. Louis in the prince's honor. Stewart came down from Jefferson City to do credit to it. He and the prince were stationed on a little platform raised for them at one side of the hall. So stationed the beauty and brilliancy and the blue blood of St. Louis swept by them in dazzling review. The spectacle elevated Stewart's feelings several notches. His bosom swelled. Finally in a tremendous impulse born of glow and glory, he administered a mighty slap to the royal back and exclaimed:

"'Prince, don't you wish you were governor of Missouri?'"

Courageous For His Wife.

A farmer went into the office of a Biddeford (Me.) dentist the other day and inquired what the charge was for pulling a tooth.

"Twenty-five cents without gas and fifty cents if you take gas," replied the dentist.

"I don't want any gas," said the farmer.

"I admire your courage," replied the dentist. "Most people want to take gas."

"Oh, it isn't me; it's my wife that's going to have the tooth out," explained the farmer.

The Shrewd Poodle.

In 1780 the daughter of an army officer from Coburg wrote to Haydn of a little adventure, asking him to set it to music. This is the story: She and her intended husband, a captain of the army, together with a friend and a poodle, were taking a walk. The captain had been praising his dog's talents, and made a bet with his friend that the dog would find a thaler laid under a bush now, he being sent back for it after their return home. The bet was accepted. Directly after returning home the captain sent his dog back for the money.

Now it so happened that a travelling tailor sat down to rest under that very bush where the thaler was deposited, found the money and put it in his pocket. When the poodle arrived he smelled the coin and fawned upon the tailor. The man, highly pleased at having found a thaler and such an amiable dog within an hour, took him to his stopping place in town. The poodle watched the tailor's clothes all night and when, early the next morning, the door of the room was opened, he stole out, carrying the tailor's trousers with him and brought both them and the thaler to his master.

This little adventure had been put into verse under the title, "The Cunning and Serviceable Poodle," and Haydn put the text to music.

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Gladstone's Ruse.

Mr. Gladstone was once guilty of deliberately evading an international regulation at the Franco-Italian frontier. He was carrying for his refreshment a basket of fine grapes, which stringent regulations at the time forbade being taken from one country to the other, on account of phylloxera, an insect that attacks the roots and leaves of the grape vines.

Mr. Gladstone's great brain reviewed the situation; he must obey the law, but he was determined to have the grapes, so he sat down then and there on the railway station bench and—ate them.

Committed to Hoke Smith.

"I remember so well once when Joe Blackburn and I were on the same committee," said Senator P. "It was during a Democratic administration and there had been a good deal of bother trying to get the secretary of agriculture to agree to a certain thing, and Blackburn had been sent to talk him over to the committee's plan. In fact, the whole cabinet had been difficult to deal with. When Joe came back several of us were assembled in the committee room, among us Senator Vest, who was sunk dejectedly into the depths of an armchair. Some one asked:

"'Well, Joe, did you succeed?'

"'Succeed!' he echoed. Then he began to tramp up and down, fuming and fussing. Finally he broke out:

"'Of all the obstinate things in the shape of a cabinet officer I ever encountered, commend me to J. Sterling Morton! Don't you agree with me, Vest?'

"Vest roused up slowly and answered:

"'I'm sorry, Joe, but I am committed to Hoke Smith.'"

A Double Penalty.

An officer came to report to General Wrangel. The general noticed that the officer's spurs were not those proscribed by regulations. He took him to task about it and gave him twenty-four hours' house arrest. The officer, seeing that Wrangel wore the same spurs, made a remark about it.

"Very well, my son," said the general, "then you stay another twenty-four hours for me!"

Too Hungry For Speeches.

Frederick William IV., later Emperor William I., never liked to listen to long speeches when he was received into a city. One day after having traveled for many hours in a post chaise, he reached the gates of a small town about noon, tired and hungry. Here the king was received by the officials, and the burgomaster began a long winded speech with:

"Most high and most gracious king! When Hannibal stood before the gates of Carthage"—

"He was probably as hungry as I am. Come, my dear burgomaster, get into my carriage and be my guest."

The Shah at Newgate.

While the shah of Persia was on a visit to England he wanted to see how the English executed their criminals. The sight of torture is a favorite entertainment of eastern monarchs. Accompanied by a numerous suit he went to Newgate. Great was his disappointment upon hearing that the rope caused almost instantaneous death. However, he decided upon seeing how the apparatus worked, and desired the governor of the prison to be good enough to execute a prisoner on the spot. It was represented to him that there were no criminals under sentence of death just then. He was about to lose his temper when, recollecting himself, he cried: "That's no objection. I will let you have one of my suit."

Kentucky Pride.

Two passengers were sitting in a smoking compartment of a train crossing the Ohio river at Louisville. "Are you from Indiana, sir?" inquired one. "Hell, no! I'm a Kentuckian," the other replied indignantly and added after some meditation, "I've been sick; that's what's the matter with me!"

He Kept Cool.

A man and his wife were once staying at a hotel, when in the night they were aroused from their slumbers by the cry that the hotel was afire.

"Now, my dear," said the husband, "I will put into practice what I have preached. Put on all your indispensable apparel and keep cool."

Then he slipped his watch into his vest pocket and walked with his wife out of the hotel.

When all danger was past he said, "Now you see how necessary it is to keep cool."

The wife for the first time glanced at her husband.

"Yes, William," she said, "it is a grand thing, but if I were you I would have put on my trousers."—Boston Herald.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 25, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Owing to the fine weather last week the farmers put a lot of hay in their barns.

—Four murders were committed in and around Wheeling, W. Va., Saturday night and Sunday. Murder seems to be the popular game in that section.

—The condensed milk factory at Coudersport, which was recently destroyed by fire, is to be rebuilt and work has been commenced clearing away the ruins.

—Two people were killed and two more seriously injured in an automobile accident near Pittsburg Saturday night. The car pitched over a 150-foot embankment.

—A Connecticut girl committed suicide because she could not decide which of two devoted suitors she should marry. What a lot of trouble she has saved for the suitors.

—Eriseo Grassi, who was struck by an Erie train in the lower yards on Sunday afternoon, and who was taken to the Bradford Hospital, died at that institution at 10:30 a. m. on Monday, aged 58 years.—Bradford Era.

—An excursion and freight train had a collision near Detroit Sunday and 31 people were killed and 100 injured. The unfortunate excursionists all were Pere Marquette railroad employes and their families from Ionia, bound for Detroit. There were nearly 1,000 people on board.

—John Mix and John Zuted, Austrians, lost their lives in a speak-easy at Emporium last Saturday night, after a night of debauchery. The speak-easy is run by foreigners in the heart of the town, and it is thought it caught fire through some carelessness after the men had gone to sleep. Mix, the proprietor, leaves a wife and four children.—Coudersport Journal.

—Mere idleness is a crime, according to a wise and upright jurist of Portland, Oregon. If man is not engaged in work of some kind the Oregon judge holds he is a vagrant. A man who was hauled into court recently for vagrancy, and although he was able to prove that he was possessed of property and a steady income, he was sentenced to break rock at the county jail, the judge explaining that every man should be compelled to perform some kind of work.

Hugo and Verdi.

Verdi labored long before he persuaded Victor Hugo, who was vexed that the tragic beauties of his "Le Roi S'Amuse" had been turned into operatic effects, to attend a performance of "Rigoletto." He succeeded at length, and Hugo sat in the box with the composer and listened to the opera. But not a word did he speak. Verdi's impatience got the better of him, and he asked:

"Well, what say you about the quartet, for instance?"

"Show me a way in which four persons can be permitted to speak simultaneously," replied the poet, "and I will write something more beautiful than your quartet."

Early Dentistry.

The art of dentistry was practiced among the Egyptians and Etruscans, and there are evidences in mummies and skulls that in very ancient times teeth were filled and efforts were made to supply the loss of natural by artificial teeth. The first writer on the treatment of diseased teeth was Galen. The science was introduced into America by John Greenwood, who established himself in New York in 1788. In 1790 and again in 1795 he carved in ivory an entire set of teeth for General Washington.

Chronic.

"Opposition, opposition; nothing but opposition!"

"What's the matter, dear?"

"My parents objected when I wanted to marry him, and now he kicks because I want a divorce."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nature and Man.

Huxley was once talking to Sir William Gull about the healing power of nature. "Stuff!" said Gull. "Nine times out of ten nature does not want to cure the man. She wants to put him in his coffin."—London Telegraph.

His Explanation.

"Henry," whispered Mrs. Smithers, straightening up in bed, "what's that noise in the library?"

"Must be history repeating itself," muttered Henry drowsily. "Go to sleep!"

Not at All Easy.

"Oh, it's easy! Easy as taking candy from a baby."

"Easy, eh? Ever try to take candy from a baby?"—Pittsburg Post.

Summer coughs and colds yield at once to Bees Laxative Cough syrup. Contains honey and tar but no opiates. Children like it. Pleasant to take. Its laxative qualities recommend it to mothers. Hoarseness, coughs, croup yield quickly. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Rats Are Ivory Experts.

The ivory dealer pointed to a half dozen rats gnawing among the yellow heaps of tusks and ivory fragments in the garret.

"They are quite tame, you see," he said. "Why shouldn't they be so? The fact is, they are on my payroll. They work for me. Their wages are a pound of cheese and a loaf of bread a week.

"Ivory dealers like rats, for rats are ivory's best judges, and without their help we should often want a higher price for a bad tusk than for a fine one."

He took a fragment of ivory from the floor and pointed to certain small furrows in its surface.

"The rats did that," he said. "These furrows are a proof of the ivory's excellence. Rats gnaw the ivory that contains animal glue, or gelatin, a substance of which they are fond. And this substance it is that makes ivory excellent, yet a mere man can't tell whether a tusk contains it or not. The rats can tell. They are ivory experts."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

There Would Be a Vacancy.

"Genius is never appreciated in the lifetime of the man who possesses it," said the poet disconsolately. "Milton, Shakespeare and all the other men who have made our literature what it is—how much were they esteemed when alive?"

"Cheer up, my boy!" said his easy going friend, who had no soul for sentiment. "You'll be appreciated some day."

"Tablets have been put on the houses where they spent most of their lives, but that is of no moment to them. I wonder whether even that will be done for me? I suppose not. I shall leave no vacant place."

"Yes, you will. I can see the inscription in my mind's eye now."

"And what do you think will be inscribed upon it?" asked the poet, brightening up a little.

"'Unfurnished, to let,'" replied his friend.

And the poet [illegible] away.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Worth of Education.

When the new and the old school meet, there is likely to be a clash of opinions, and so the miller, Brown, found the other day when Farmer Jackson sent his young son across to the mill with a sack of corn which he wished ground into meal. Like the miller, the mill was of the old leisurely school, and only a tiny stream of meal trickled out. The young man waxed impatient.

"What a mill!" he said with scorn. "Why, I could eat the meal quicker than this ramshackle old concern of yours can grind it!"

"Aye," said Miller Brown, "but how long could'st keep it up, lad?"

"Till I starved!" was the trenchant answer.

And when Miller Brown had puzzled out the inwardness of the remark he concluded that lads nowadays were "gettin' a power too sharp wi' their tongues."—London Express.

The Scotch Sabbath.

An English artist, traveling professionally through Scotland, had occasion to remain over Sunday in a small town in the north. To while away the time he walked out a short way in the environs, where the picturesque ruin of a castle met his eye. He asked a countryman who was passing to be so good as to tell him the name of the castle. The yokel was somewhat startled. "It's no the day to be asking sic things!"

Another good story of Scottish observance of the Sabbath is told by a clergyman. "A minister of the kirk declared in public that at a country hotel he wished the window raised so that he might get some fresh air, but the landlady would not allow it, saying: 'Ye can hae no fresh air here on the Sawbeth.'"

The Way to Wareham.

Some young women in England have begun to dress out and out like men. They wear a long coat cut like a hunting coat, a cap, riding breeches and top boots. It is a handsome costume, and it is not immodest, but undoubtedly it attracts a good deal of attention. They have been telling in London a story about a girl who adopted this riding rig. Pulling up her horse one afternoon, she said to an artisan who was passing, "Can you tell me if this is the way to Wareham?" The man looked her over carefully, then he touched his cap in a respectful manner and replied, "Yes, miss, yes—you seem to 'ave got 'em on all right."

How Bismarck Kept Up Steam.

In the evening I went to Bismarck's house. I was placed upon the sofa in front of a table covered with teacups and bottles of beer and also with herrings and oysters. His new highness (Bismarck) speedily arrived and sat down by me. He began by consuming innumerable oysters, herrings and ham and drank beer with soda water.—Hohenlohe Memoirs.

His Great Failing.

"He's a good friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Oh, only medium."

"What do you mean by medium?"

"Oh, he listens while I tell him all of my troubles, but he also wants me to listen while he tells me all of his."—London Telegraph.

A Good Deal Worse.

"I had to walk the floor all night with the baby. Can you think of anything worse than that?"

"Yes; you might have married out in Greenland, where the nights are six months long."

His Rising Day.

"He never did rise in the world till he stumbled over a lot o' dynamite," the village gossip said, "an' even then, like so many men in the risin' business, he never did know what he riz fer!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Health Recipe.

One time a man asked the poet Longfellow how to be healthy, and this is the answer he received:

Joy, temperance and repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

The Owner and the Visitor.

His house, the first he had ever owned, being nearly finished, the Flatbush man went forth one fine afternoon to inspect it. As he entered the front door he observed a well dressed man standing within, apparently admiring the beauties of construction and decoration. In an instant the pride of the owner swelled within him. Here was where he would make the visitor verdant with envy and, incidentally, intercept a few bouquets for himself. Stepping up to the stranger, he remarked:

"It's a beautiful house, isn't it? It's worth every cent of the investment and a great deal more."

"You are right," replied the stranger. "You are, I suppose"—

"Yes. I'm the owner," interrupted the other, "and just let me tell you that there are not many men round here who own as fine a house as this."

"I quite believe you," serenely answered the visitor. "I'm the man, you see, who holds the first mortgage on it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The First Woman Whip.

Who was the first "femme cochere?" To the Princess de Metternich, a lady of quality in the fullest meaning of the word, who flourished under the second empire, this honor must be accorded, says the London Chronicle. For in the days when the woman whip was a very rare spectacle indeed this dauntless dame was frequently to be seen driving her phaeton through Paris. One day two facetious youths took it into their heads to signal to her. "Hist, cochere!" The princess entered into the spirit of the joke. She drew up. "By the hour," said the two, seating themselves. "Where?" "Bois de Boulogne." She whipped up without another word and drove off to the Bois. After a [illegible] over an hour the merry [illegible] and asked to be put down. "Very good, citizens," said the "cochere," depositing them and holding out her hand. "My fare is 300 francs per hour for my poor." In the [illegible] side.

Rickshaws and Dandies.

In the mountain districts of India the principal vehicles of passenger conveyance are the rickshaw and the dandy, with which Rudyard Kipling has made us familiar. The rickshaw is pushed and pulled through the streets and on the roads leading out into the country by four coolies, and the dandy is carried on the shoulders of four and sometimes six coolies. Saddle ponies are also used to some extent, but most of the inhabitants and quite all visitors use the rickshaw and dandy. The latter is constructed on the plan of a [illegible] poles attached fore and aft, which is long enough to give a springy motion when the coolies are walking and trotting. A crosspiece rests on the shoulders of the coolies and is shifted now and then from one shoulder to the other for rest. By the command of the coolie in charge this shift is made simultaneously.

Castle Garden.

Castle Garden was built by the United States in 1807 from the plans of Lieutenant Colonel Jonathan Williams, C. E., and was called Fort Clinton. In 1822 it was ceded to New York city. In 1824 it became a place of amusement and about 1826 got the name of Castle Garden. In 1845 there were Ethiopian minstrels there. In 1847-49 theatrical companies played there, and in 1850 Jenny Lind sang there. In 1855 it was closed as a place of amusement, and the commissioners of immigration took it as an immigrant depot. In 1870 it suffered from fire, and on July 9, 1876, it was burned to the ground. It was rebuilt at once. In 1892 the depot was moved to Ellis island, and Castle Garden reverted to the city, which in 1896 opened an aquarium there.

A Well Meant Suggestion.

At an "at home" given by a Yorkshire gentleman's wife an outside manservant had to do duty for a butler. The man was astonished at the thin slices of bread and butter with which he served his mistress' guests. As he was serving an ancient dowager for the fourth time he said to her in a voice that was meant for a whisper, but which was audible to the whole room, "If yer slaps three or four slices together, mum, maybe yer can get a bite."—London Telegraph.

A Lesson In Ornithology.

A gentleman who rather overvalued himself, looking at a case of birds, said to an ornithologist who was with him, "What is that bird?"

"That," said the other, "is a magpie."

"It's not my idea of a magpie," was the rejoinder.

"Perhaps not," replied his friend, "but it's God's idea of a magpie."—House Beautiful.

Quickly Supplied.

There have been many strange things in English history. One of the most curious was recently mentioned by a little schoolgirl.

"The hydra," said this much informed young person, "was married to Henry the Eighth. When he cut her head off, another one sprang right up."

A 25c. Bottle of

Kemp's Balsam

Contains

40 DOSES,

And each dose is more effective than four times the same quantity of any other cough remedy, however well advertised and however strongly recommended that remedy may be.

Remember always that KEMP'S BALSAM is the

Best Cough Cure.

It has saved thousands from consumption.

It has saved thousands of lives.

At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

Dad Murphy's Brevity.

Old Dad Murphy, as he was affectionately known to the boys on the road, was a conductor on a trunk line transporting large shipments of live stock from the west. Dad had been in the service so long that the rules of railroading had become second nature to him, and the result of the superintendent's frequent orders to the trainmen to answer with military brevity all questions and messages, especially those by telegraph, to relieve the burden on the wires had reduced Dad to habitually short, concise replies, even in his conversation. On a baking hot July day, when not a breath of air was stirring and the sun beat on the car roofs till the pitch pulled the soles off the brakeman's shoes, Dad in looking over the train discovered that eight hogs had succumbed to the heat. When passing the next telegraph station he threw off a message to the superintendent:

Burhans, Supt.—Eight hogs dead acc't heat, advise. MURPHY, No. 73.

At the second telegraph office he received his answer:

Murphy, Condr. 73.—What is the present condition of the hogs? Ans. qk. —BURHANS.

Dad grunted, shifted his quid of fine cut and wrote as follows:

Burhans, Supt.—Hogs still dead. MURPHY, 73.

—Judge's Library.

What He Lost.

A travelling man was leaning against the counter in the hotel, gazing disconsolately at the door.

"Lose something?" queried the hotel clerk.

A nod of the head answered.

"Was it very valuable?"

"Twice with the [illegible]."

"Sure you had it when you came in here?"

"A third [illegible]." His face was growing wistful.

"You should have put it in the safe."

"Couldn't very [illegible] have done that very well."

[illegible]

The clerk stretched his neck and gasped, "Why, what was it?"

"It was," the traveling man began, but he checked. "It was my job."

"Oh, pardon me a minute, the phone is ringing." And the clerk tiptoed softly away. A dismal stillness reigned.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Onion as a Disinfectant.

[illegible] writes a London correspondent, [illegible] of common sense in the [illegible] by a north country teacher [illegible] "If you have cholera or fever [illegible] in the house, put some [illegible] and they will [illegible] away all disease," for the onion [illegible] years ago when cholera raged through [illegible] it was noticed with surprise that one of the most insanitary districts [illegible] and its neighborhood was almost exempt from the [illegible] the majority of the inhabitants being Italians were great onion eaters, and strings of this vegetable were found suspended from the ceiling in nearly every room. The medical officer of health concluded that the onion, among its many virtues, contains a powerful [illegible] against cholera and possibly other diseases.

She Could See For Herself.

Mrs. Cittay—Bridget, who was that at the door just now? Bridget—A lady wantin' t' know if we had furnished rooms. Mrs. Cittay—What did you tell her? Bridget—Sure, an' I towld her that all our rooms were furnished. She's lookin' at the lib'ry now.—Puck.

Lack of Confidence.

Visitor—Do they treat you well here? Prisoner—Generally they does, only they hurts me feelin's by their lack of confidence. They won't let me have a latchkey.

"There are some people who believe that the whole human race will be saved," said an old lady, "but for my part I hope for better things."

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

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Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves. This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help. If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

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HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 18, 1907.

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

THERE was a fatal explosion last Sunday in a colliery at Toyooka, Japan, in which nearly all of the 500 miners were killed.

THE steamer Columbia, with 250 people on board collided with the lumber-laden schooner, San Pedro, off the California coast last Sunday, and sunk. It is reported that 56 persons went down to death with the boat.

PAVING talk is not very brisk just now, but nevertheless Smethport is going to have Main street paved in the near future. When Engineer Hannon submits his plans and specifications the council will take action and place a contract for the paving and they will have a good job whether the foundation is of concrete or gravel and sand.

MR. BRYAN is fast developing into a political chameleon. In less than two years he has run almost the whole gamut. On a number of occasions he has stated exactly what is the Democratic issue before the people in 1908, and he has said so with a finality of manner that would indicate that he considered himself the sole arbiter of the destinies of his party. Since he forced the Kansas City convention to make a platform it did not want and since he participated in the humbuggery of the St. Louis convention, he probably has felt that no one else had a right to dis[illegible]

Things have changed considerably in the last few years, as the Philadelphia Inquirer observes. The South utterly rejected the platform of railway ownership by the government. This was to be the critical test of Democracy, and most Democrats declined the shibboleth. Then he came out strong for the initiative and referendum, a principle little understood by the people and seldom approved. It met with no enthusiasm whatever, since its object is to make legislative bodies simply a set of automata to register popular decrees. What may work well in the thinly settled state of Oregon or in a municipality may be utterly inoperative in a nation of nearly one hundred millions of people. We are committed to a representative form of government by so many considerations that it seems impossible to change it except very gradually. So Mr. Bryan's second issue fell flat.

And now he has made a new discovery. Finance, the tariff and railways are to be ignored or made secondary issues, while the restoration of the rights of the States is the supreme issue. On this point Mr. Bryan speaks as if he had just discovered it for the first time. He is a little late. Secretary Root, Senator Knox and others have discussed the issue for many months, but it is not and cannot well become a partisan issue. The Civil war settled a good deal more than the actual issues involved. The right of a State to secede against the wish of the Nation was settled adversely forever, but as a sort of corollary it was assumed that the Nation had a far wider right than that of self-preservation. The war seemed to settle what was not at issue.

Moreover, the country became national in a sense never before known. The rise of the spirit and practice of Nationalism was partly due to the fact that States did not care to interfere and partly to mere inertia. It is manifestly best to have responsibility closely supervised, but it is evident that there has come about through natural evolution a redistribution of national State powers. In some respects it is evident that the new order of things is for the best; in others, there should be a readjustment. It is no partisan question, but one of evolution, and cannot be made an issue at the polls. Mr. Bryan's sun seems to be sinking fast. He represents simply one great issue, which is dead.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13, 1907.

Officially the explosion last week on the battleship Georgia is as much a mystery as ever. But some small admission on the part of the navy department and talk among naval officers is helping to clear it up and show that it has at the bottom the same element that is back of most crimes in human life, the gold hunger.

It will be remembered that the explosion occured in the after turret of the Georgia off Boston during target practice. According to the official statement a charge of about 200 pounds of smokeless powder was being loaded into one of the 12 inch guns when it exploded. It was said that a floating spark, coming from somewhere, had set fire to the bag containing one of the powder charges, and that this had gone off setting fire to the other bag. Here was a mystery. It was intimated that the floating spark might have come from the smokestack of the battleship or that it might have been a spark wandering around in the air after the firing of a gun. This explanation was good enough for the outside world. But those familiar with the construction of a warship knew that it was almost a physical impossibility for a spark to "float" into a turret. The automatic gun ports and inside ladders were all against such a supposition. Also, the silk bags in which the powder charge is encased are not flimsy enough to be set on fire by any ordinary spark.

The fact remained that ten of the men in the turret died of there burns and a dozen others were so seriously injured that several more of them still may die. The Department was of course shocked and grieved. So was everyone who knew of the accident. But the Department had no idea how it happened. All of the electric apparatus in the turret had been carefully insulated in view of some previous accident of the same sort. All the guns had been fitted with automatic air blasts to prevent "flare-backs"—that is hot gasses coming out of the breech of the gun when another charge was being put in. And most of all, there was never according to regulations a second charge of powder in the turret before the one in the gun had been fired. There are automatic doors leading down to the powder magazine that are shut as soon as one charge for the gun comes up and the turret is clear of any powder except that in the gun.

Just there is where an official statement from the Navy Department gave a clue to the story. One of the men of the gun crew was commended for his heroism and promptitude in shutting the breech of the gun and preventing the explosion of the charge already in the gun. That is an explanation of the whole business. There is a big money prize for efficient target work in each of the squadrons in squadron practice. But there is more money at stake than that. There is keen rivalry among the gun crews and there are individual bets and pools made by both officers and men for the jackies are a sporting fraternity and they are willing to back there opinions with six months' wages if necessary. There are some occasions on record where $3,000 has gone from one ship of a squadron to another as the final round up of the big guns. This is in addition to the government prizes. The result is that the men work up to the limit of human quickness in handling the guns. It is the shots that hit counts in the score, and the loading of the gun is cut down as low as possible to give an extra fraction of a second for laying it. The Georgia had been firing at the rate of one shot every ten or eleven seconds from the big guns. Just think of it, to ram home an 800 pound steel projectile and nearly 200 pounds of powder, close and lock the breech, and sight and fire the gun. And the Georgia was hitting 10 out of 11 shots. It is not very likely that when the gun was fired there was a second charge of powder already in the turret waiting to be thrown into the gun? That is the view of naval officers who know the circumstances. The statement of the Navy Department bears out this theory. Evidently, the second charge of powder had been brought up from the magazine and was waiting there in the turret in order to save time and help win the fleet prize and the side bets. Men will take long chances where there is a big roll of money at stake. Of course the Navy Department will never know officially that the regulations were violated. But everybody knows unofficially already how the regulations were violated and how the accident happened.

There are a number of fair sized jobs that will probably go begging for the lack of competent men to fill them. The Interstate Commerce Commission is about to start its new railroad accounting. The Commission has furnished the railroads with sets of books that they must keep to be exclusive of all others, and on which they must render monthly reports. Of course they must render monthly reports and the Commission want expert railroading accountants to check these reports. These clerkships pay about $1,500 a year. Not a princely salery, but still pretty good for the government service. The only trouble is that the men who are capable of fileing the places are mostly in the employ of the railroads already. If they take the examination they are pretty certain to be fired for doing it by the railroads employing them. Of corse, they might take the examination and not get the job. So most of them are figuring that the risk is not equal to the chance and there is a fear that there will not be many eligibles to qualify.

Andrew John, the famous chief of the Seneca Nation and one of the best known Indians who ever came around the Interior Department at Washington died this week at the Emergency Hospital of dropsy. John had acted as interpreter for most of the eastern tribes in Washington, and was familiar with more Indian dialect and languages than any other man living. His body will be taken back to New York state for burial.

If you suffer from bloating belching sour stomach, indigestion, or Dyspepsia take a rings Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, and overcome the disagreeable trouble. It will improve the appetite, and aid digestion. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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GOOD LINE OF
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Swell New Neckwear and Fancy Pocket Handkerchiefs.

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MEN'S OXFORDS

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I hereby certify that I am still determined to go out of the mercantile business. I shall therefore buy no more goods, but will continue to offer unheard of bargains from the remaining stock, which contains a good and useful assortment, and all for little money.

Respectfully,

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

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WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford.

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa.

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JULY CLEARANCE SALE

Commences FRIDAY JULY 19 and continues through the month.

CLEARANCE is the word we use and CLEARANCE is what we mean.

Clearance of stocks that have been selling rapidly during the past and present season.

We have many of the choice patterns and most popular goods that must go to make room for fall stock which will soon be here. Prices are disregarded and you will find that each piece is a value for you.

If you visited our Sales of 1905 and 1906 you will be with us now in 1907. If you did not you should start now, for though you have missed good things in the past you will find that

THIS SALE

for rare values has never been equalled under our roof.

Come early. Small lots are choice usually and are gone first. Be the wise one and be early.

We have not room in this space to put in all the price quotations. Even if we did you must see the goods to know the values. Come and compare our offerings with regular priced goods. It wont take an expert to figure your savings.

Try our plan of Clearance. If it saves you dollars you are satisfied are you not?

If it clears our shelves of the goods that are now selling, takes them all, we are satisfied. That's what we want.

To do this we cut prices, disregard actual value, pass goods on to you at a price which is, in many instances, less than cost to us. But we are accomplishing our end and you are being benefitted.

Can we do more?

Yours,

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DALY & GARLICK'S HARDWARE.

IF THERE IS ANYTHING YOU WANT IN THE LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

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OF ANY KIND WE HAVE IT.

CALL AND SEE THE NEW FIRM.

TRY CHI-NAMEL ON YOUR FLOOR.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 25, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—At present there are six boarders at the county jail.

—Miss Edith McGuire entertained Monday and Wednesday afternoons.

—Miss May Choate entertained the Picnic Club at her home on King street Tuesday afternoon.

—The kindling wood factory at Ordss Fork was destroyed by fire last Friday. The loss is estimated at $60,000.

—Edinboro Normal will have a new Dormitory for its boys the coming year. Illustrated catalog free. John F. Bigler, prin.

—Smethport is to have another new industry unless present plans fall through which will employ at least twenty men.

—About twenty of our town's people spent Sunday on the Mullin farm at Farmers Valley. All report a very pleasant time.

—Lndon, Tuttle and Tardo's Shows was the attraction at East Smethport Monday evening. The attendence was not unusually large.

—Mrs. T. F. Hungiville entertained a party of friends at her home one day last week in honor of Mrs. John J. Miller of Charleston, W. Va.

—Mrs. A. A. Abbey was called to Washington, D. C., on Saturday by the illness of her daughter, Miss Cora, who is confined to the hospital with typhoid fever. Miss Abbey's many friends here [illegible] speedy recovery.

—On Friday the Producer's Petroleum Exchange of Bradford wound up its affairs and donated its surplus funds—$3,280—to the Bradford Hospital.

—Miss Belva Gerrit, who was operated on for appendicitis at the Bradford Hospital last Thursday, is improving rapidly. This is welcome news to her many friends here.

—Miss Mabelle Scott entertained several of her friends at her home in Port Allegany in honor of Miss Alice Connolly of Smethport, who is the guest of Miss Grace Connolly.

—The members of the Eastern Star of Smethport, Mt. Jewett, Port Allegany and Eldred held a picnic at Riverhurst last Friday. The attendance was large and everybody had a good time.

—The annual examination for McKean county teachers was held at Kane on Thursday in the Central school building. There were eight applicants for provisional certificates present. County Superintendent Bayle gave a very fair examination in all branches as was attested by the teachers present.—Bradford Record.

—C. S. King has ordered and put up a hundred of the new patent Backus coat and hat hooks in the Sartwell House. It is an automatic contrivance and secures coats and hats against parties who have a desire to always take the best garment on the rack.—Port Allegany Reporter. These hooks are made in Smethport and the demand for them is growing rapidly.

—According to a dispatch from Erie, Joseph Root, a hermit, has not slept for over 25 years. He says that 25 years ago several near relatives were killed and the shock almost killed him. He found he could not rest and finally gave up the idea of sleep. Since then he claims he has never been in a state of coma. Those who have watched him say he sits in a chair all night until time to report for work.

—A twelve-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Gust Fredell suffered a fracture of both bones of his right arm below the elbow, and a severe scalp wound, on last Saturday. Mr. Fredell was hauling ashes from the clothes pin factory at Kushequa on the above day, accompanied by the boy, when the team took fright and ran away, the little fellow being thrown under the wagon with the above result.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Last night sneak thieves broke into the Presbyterian manse and stole two suits of clothing belonging to Rev. J. Paul Shelley besides several other articles including a small clock valued at about $25.00. The loss which Rev. Shelley feels the most deeply is the pocket book that was in the coat pocket of one of the suits they stole, as it contained all of his clerical passes and other valuable papers.—Monday's Kane Republican.

St. George and the Dragon.

Other nations besides England have fought under the banner of St. George, and other knightly orders as well as that of the Garter have been instituted in his honor. He was the guardian saint of Sicily, Aragon, Valencia, Genoa, Malta and Barcelona; a Venetian order of St. George was created in 1200, a Spanish in 1317, an Austrian in 1470, a Genoese in 1472 and a Roman in 1492. More modern orders bearing his name are those of Bavaria (1720), Russia (1767) and Hanover (1830). The device of St. George slaying the dragon forms part of the arms of the czar and appears on several Russian coins. The conjecture that this was owing to the presentation of the Garter by Elizabeth to Ivan Vassilievitch has no foundation in fact, for Chanceler, the first outspoken Englishman to visit Russia, speaks of a dispatch sent in 1554 from Ivan Vassilievitch to Queen Mary, the seal of which "was much like the broad seal of England, having on the one side the image of a man on horseback in complete harness fighting with a dragon."—London Chronicle.

Queer Positions of Hearts.

There is one curious fact which not everybody notices about the common, finger-long, green caterpillars of our larger moths. Their hearts, instead of being in front, are at the back of the body and extend along the entire length of the animal. One can see the heart distinctly through the thin skin and can watch its slow beat, which starts at the tail and moves forward to the head. Hearts of this sort reaching from head to tail are not at all uncommon in the simpler creatures. The earthworm has one, and so have most worms, caterpillars and other crawling things. Hearts in the middle of the back also are quite as frequent as those in what seems to us to be the natural place. Many animals, the lobster for example, and the crayfish and the crab, which have short hearts like those of the backboned animals, nevertheless have them placed just under the shell in what, in ourselves, would be the small of the back.—St. Nicholas.

One Source of News.

For many years a certain New York paper received society and club gossip from a man whose identity was concealed by a clever ruse. Even his checks were made out to his wife in her maiden name. He furnished information about the doings and wrangles in various clubs—little stories involving people whose names are known by reputation to practically all readers of newspaper columns. He is said thus to have averaged an income of about $10 a week—not much, but enough to buy hats, gloves and canes. He was a most immaculate and apparently prosperous person. It is needless to say that he has never been suspected of this small traffic. A wealthy relative died and left him independent. When some such man furnishes the clew to a delectable scandal he has done a stroke of business that will keep him in small luxuries for months to come.—Whitman Bennett in Bohemian.

Not So Daft After All.

Daft Tam, as he was called, wandering through the village one day, got severely bitten by the village inn dog.

Proceeding to the inn, he showed the mistress what her "dawg" had done. She was much alarmed and, putting a half crown into Tam's hand, said:

"Awa tae the doctor noo an' pay him wi' the hauf crown."

Tam eyed the coin, saying:

"I dinna think I'll bother wi' the doctor, but jist keep the siller."

"For my sake gang tae him, or else ye'll gang daft."

"Hoots, wumman; ye're bletherin. Daft folk canna gang daft twice."—Dundee Advertiser.

Pat Took the Prize.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman were one day arguing as to which of the three countries possessed the fastest trains.

"Well," said the Englishman, "I've been in one of our trains, and the telegraph poles have been like a hedge."

"I've seen the milestones appear like tombstones," said the Scot.

"Be jabers!" said Pat. "I was one day in a train in my counthry, and we passed a field of turnips and a field of carrots, also a field of cabbage and parsley, then a pond of water, and we were going that quick I thought it was broth!"

Pepys on Shakespeare.

Pepys' Diary, 1659-1669, commenting on Shakespeare's plays, says of "Midsummer Night's Dream," "It is the most insipid, ridiculous play I ever saw in my life," and upon reading "'Othello, Moor of Venice,' which I have hitherto esteemed a mighty good play, but having lately read the 'Adventures of Five Hours,' it seems a mean thing."

—My wife having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby forbid all persons trusting or harboring her as I will pay no bills of her contracting. C. O. CASKEY.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

Maurice Pancoast is visiting friends in Olean.

Miss Octavia Raymer was an Olean visitor over Sunday.

F. J. Cummins of Bradford spent Sunday in Smethport.

Mrs. William Miller of New York is visiting friends in town.

Miss Patricia McMann of Mt. Jewett is visiting Mrs. Allan Park.

Mrs. F. O. Pierce was a Bradford visitor Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Josephine Monroe of Olean was a visitor in town over Sunday.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm returned to her home in Bradford on Tuesday.

Mrs. W. J. Kerr and daughters are visiting in Bradford this week.

T. F. Mullin of Bradford was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Raymer were Port Allegany visitors on Sunday.

Mrs. C. W. Shefller and son, Earl, of Olean are visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Maude Hussey of Charleston, W. Va., is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. J. B. Eastman and daughter, Dorothy, are visiting in Johnsonburg.

Horace King and Ken Mayo had business in Bradford Friday and Monday.

Sheriff G. W. Mitchell and A. L. Hughes were Bradford visitors Monday.

Miss Lucile Hinman went to Chautauqua Saturday to spend three weeks.

Will Davis of Olean was a guest of Miss Edith McGuire the forepart of the week.

Mrs Stein and infant son of Olean were the guests of Mrs. James McKean last week.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers and children of Mt. Jewett are guests of her father, H. M. Choate.

Ross Colegrove left last Friday for Olean where he has accepted a position for the summer.

C. S. King of Port Allegany and Mrs. Dolley of California were visitors in town on Tuesday.

Attorneys M. Sullivan and H. W. Wick of Bradford transacted business in town Tuesday.

Miss Ethel Tuff left to-day for a month's vacation, which she will pass in Buffalo and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Davis of Bradford are visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. T. H. Morrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tumser of Buffalo were visiting Dr. and Mrs. John Clark the first of the week.

Miss Jennie Ryan of Kane was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gleason from Saturday until Monday.

Miss Theo Gifford of Williamsport is passing a few days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Gifford.

Mrs. Henry C. Hoffman and daughter, Naomi, of Salt Lake City, Utah, are guests of C. A. Burdick and family.

Mrs. M. N. Allen, who has been visiting Mrs. J. Colegrove, returned to her home in Port Allegany on Saturday.

W. A. Andorfer and John Newton returned Monday from Detroit where they attended a meeting of glassworkers.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Koenig and son, John, of Eldred visited at the home of Mrs. L. Koenig from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. A. L. Colegrove and daughter, Harriet, and Mrs. David McCarthy of Mt. Jewett were Smethport visitors on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Coleman of Port Allegany were guests of friends in town over Sunday. Mrs. Coleman will continue her visit for another week.

Guy and Kenneth Mayo left Tuesday morning for Coudersport where they joined a party of campers for a week's outing at Brookline, about thirty miles from Coudersport.

MacArthur Gorton, who is a student of Bucknell University, returned to his home in this place Saturday and on Monday went to Mt. Jewett, where he will pass several weeks.

Mrs. Elida Theetgee of Shinglehouse and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Theetgee of Camillus, N. Y., who have been visiting B. T. Downey and other friends in town have returned to their homes.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

You Pay No More for

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

than the ordinary kind—but you get five to ten times longer service.

Holeproof Hosiery is guaranteed to wear for six months without holes.

If a hole develops, if darning is necessary inside of six months we will give new ones without a murmur and without fuss. They are sold in boxes of six pairs—at $2 a box colors black, brown and pearl for either men or women.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2

McCALL PATTERNS 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

New Things for Summer Wear.

In the midst of July Clearance we are continually receiving the newest style fancies for the summer season. While you are here to get your share of Clearance Sale bargains 'twill refresh you to see the latest products of ever busy Dame Fashion

Exceptional Bargains This Week in

COMBS—Handsome shapes that lend themselves particularly well to the monogram fad, 25c and 50c. Ornamented Combs 25c to $2.75.

BAGS—Black and Tan, 25c to $2.00.

RIBBONS—Beautiful Moires, Persains and Plaids—widths, 4 in. to 6 in.—per yard, 25c to 75c.

FANCY BOX STATIONERY—A liberal amount of excellent paper and envelopes in decorated boxes, Gibson drawings, etc., 25c.

HOSIERY—Plain Gause Lisle, Lace and Embroidered styles in Black, White, Tan and other shades, 25c to 75c.

MONARCH AND CLUETT SHIRTS—The best that money can but, all styles; $1.00 to $2.00.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Stick to the Handle.

You get more facts about easy running right at the crank of a separator than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, the crank tells you so as soon as you touch it. I am selling the lightest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest. The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—It increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent, and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.

J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS 10 and 15c

U All No After Dinner Mints 10c and 25c.

BELLE MEAD SWEETS

BON BONS JUST ARRIVED STRICTLY FRESH CHOCOLATES

McCoy's Drug Store

Next to Postoffice.

The Scrap Book

The Ways of Congressmen

It was at a banquet in Washington given to a large body of congressmen mostly from the rural districts. The tables were elegant and it was a scene of fairy splendor, so to speak, but on one table there were no decorations but palm leaves.

"Here," said a congressman to the head waiter, "why don't you put them things on our tables too?" pointing to the plants.

The head waiter didn't know he was a congressman.

"We can't do it, boss," he whispered confidentially. "Dey's mostly congress men at all de tables 'ceptin' dat one an if we put p'ims on dere tables dey take um for celery an eat um all up sho. 'Deed dey would, boss. We knows 'em."

MORTALITY

Ashes to ashes dust to dust!
What of his loving? What of his lust?
What of his passion? What of his pain?
What of his poverty? What of his pride?
Earth the great mother has called him again
Deeply he sleeps the world's verdict defied
Shall he be tried again? Shall he go free?
Who shall the court convene? Where shall it be?
No answer on the land, none from the sea
Only we know that as he did we must
You with your theories, you with your trust
[illegible]
Paul Laurence Dunbar

College Days

There was once a Yale sophomore who had [illegible] in financial straits and pawned [illegible] his [illegible]. A little later [illegible] a check from home.

When he got home [illegible] the holidays the first thing his mother took out of the trunk was [illegible]

[illegible]

After Many Trials

[illegible] American artist [illegible] restaurant he was [illegible] by the pompous waiter.

"I want two eggs," said the American, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

[illegible] the [illegible] waiter.

"Two eggs, [illegible] on one side and one on the other."

"Very well, sir."

The waiter was gone several minutes and then he returned like [illegible] was a study.

"Would you please repeat your order, sir?"

"I said very distinctly two eggs, one fried on one side and one on the other."

Oppressive silence and then a dazed "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone [illegible] which he returned he said anxiously:

"Would it be awfully too much, sir, to ask you to repeat your order, sir? I cawn't think I 'ave it right, sir, you know."

"Two eggs," said the American sadly and patiently, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

More oppressive silence and another and fainter "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone still longer. When he returned his collar was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled and his face scratched and bleeding. Leaning over the waiting patron he asked beseechingly:

"Would you mind tyking boiled heggs, sir? I've 'ad some words with the cook."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Kissing the Girls.

Senator Vance once stumped North Carolina in joint debate with Judge Settle, the Republican candidate for the governorship. All the white Democrats turned out to hear Vance and the colored Republicans to hear Settle. At the conclusion of the speaking one day Vance was told that a number of young women had expressed a desire to kiss the Democratic candidate.

He stepped down from the platform and kissed a dozen or so of the pretty young women, when he stopped long enough to turn around to his competitor and shout, "I'm kissing my girls, Settle, now you kiss yours."

"Anno Domino"

When Senator Vest was old and broken in health he once compared his state to that of a very old negro he remembered back in Kentucky.

"See here, Sam," asked the negro's friend, "what's the matter with you?"

"Don't know, boss," said the old darky, "but I think dat I am a sufferin' wif anno domino."

The Indispensable Man

When old Zach Taylor came into the presidency persons in Washington soon began to tell him there was one public servant the government couldn't do without. They said they had come to express the hope that the old general and rather unexperienced president would permit them to inform him of it. This piece of information and advice was systematically dropped into his ear at frequent intervals. At first he paid little attention to it, but finally took note of the fact that a certain John Hobby, who for twenty odd years had held the important office of assistant postmaster general, was the official the government couldn't get along without. The communications became so frequent that one day as the last was dropped [illegible] old "Zach" brought out with this question:

"Captain Harris, who in the devil is this man Hobby everybody is saying we can't get along without?"

The general was informed about the official.

"We must attend to the case at once. We are liable to be in trouble about him any day. We must be prepared. He is liable to die on our hands and then the devil will be to pay. Seems to me the man who can't be spared is the one to turn out while the government is in condition to meet the emergency. Turn Hobby out, Captain Harris, and don't wait! We'll see whether or not he can't be spared. Attend to the business at once, captain!"

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Nature Study

With a heart attuned to nature study a little Hungarian girl in the Canadian northwest exclaimed to her teacher, "It's certain beautiful on our prairie where the birds and the small sheep run about raw." It is this [illegible] both [illegible] states. [illegible] is the [illegible] Century.

The Humorous Governor

When Wolcott was governor of Massachusetts his young son Oliver was in one of the primary classes of a school. The teacher was one day asking questions of her little pupils to give them a chance to show what they knew [illegible] and [illegible] the entertainment of a lady who was visiting the school, and she finally inquired:

"Can anyone tell me who is the governor of Massachusetts?"

No one could tell, not even little Oliver.

The teacher then told every one of the pupils who had not known to ask his father so as to be ready to tell her the next day. Accordingly when the class assembled the following morning she gave out the question, calling on Oliver first. [illegible] what [illegible] might have to say about it. Oliver answered:

[illegible] But I don't [illegible] always [illegible] exertion.

He Won the Pie

[illegible]

Not For Him

[illegible]

"What do you mean?" shrieked the woman. "You know very well I was speaking to my niece there behind you."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Host Could Not Leave

At a large evening party one of the guests stood in a corner yawning.

"Are you very much bored, sir?" asked his neighbor.

"Yes, dreadfully," was the answer. "And you?"

"Oh, I am bored to death too."

"How would it do, to clear out together?"

"I am sorry I can't. I am the host."

Stanton's Bone Crusher

Some officer had disobeyed or failed to comprehend an order.

"I believe I'll sit down," said Secretary Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind."

"Do so," said Lincoln, "write him now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp. Cut him all up."

Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone crusher that he read to the president.

"That's right," said Lincoln, "that's a good one."

"Who can I send it by?" mused the secretary.

"Send it!" replied Lincoln, "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters. I never do."

A Discrepancy.

Two sailors, one Irish, the other English, agreed to take care of each other in case of either being wounded in the battle of Trafalgar. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon ball and Paddy took him up to carry him to the doctor, according to their agreement, but had scarcely got his companion on his back when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, through the noise and bustle, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, but continued to make the best of his way to the surgeon. An officer observing him with the headless trunk asked him where he was going. "To the doctor," says Paddy. "The doctor!" says the officer. "Why, the man has lost his head." On hearing this the Irishman laid the body down and looked at it attentively. "That's strange," he said, "more than strange. Why he told me 'twas his leg!"

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

DID NOT FIRE A SHOT

Why Thousands of Indians Melted Away Before Forty Men.

A STORY OF PIONEER DAYS.

Captain McCabe Knew the Sioux Better Than They Knew Themselves, and the Indians Knew the Captain's Men Were Dead Shots and Scalp Takers

In the pioneer days to reach Montana from Cheyenne in Wyoming required a roundabout journey that involved a doubling of the Rocky mountains with a change of base at Salt Lake City. The United States government brought about a better condition of travel by constructing a trail through the Gallatin valley along the course of the Gunpowder river reaching around the base of the mountains in a zigzag form which avoided the heights of the Rockies. To protect this route from marauding Indians three forts were built—Reno, Phil Kearny and C. F. Smith.

In 1866 the murderous Sioux from the Yellowstone valley pursued [illegible] the Gallatin valley [illegible]

[illegible]

Governor Smith looked at him in amazement. So did the visitor from the fort. They both thought he was either insane or a braggart. Governor Smith said to him: "How in the name of heaven do you expect to raise the siege of Fort C. F. Smith with forty men when you know that it is surrounded by more than 1000 bloodthirsty Indians and that the country between here and there is covered with thousands more of murderous Sioux?"

Said McCabe quietly: "Why, governor, it is easy enough. The Indians know us and know that we know them better than they know themselves. You folks from the east have an idea that what you call Indian atrocities are simply an unmeaning exhibition of brutality; that scalping, for instance, is simply a form of torture. In that you are mistaken. The Indian believes that no man can go to the happy hunting ground—heaven we call it—who has been deprived of his hair. Their motive in scalping a victim is to carry out fiendish hatred to its utmost by preventing him from having a happy hereafter. Therefore to deprive an Indian of his scalp is to rob him of his hope of a happy hereafter. My men never kill an Indian without scalping him, and the Indians know that. The forty men I will select for this expedition are unerring in their aim with the rifle. They can shoot sixteen shots in sixteen seconds, and every ball means a dead Indian, and every dead Indian means a scalp, and every scalp means a warrior deprived eternally of a chance of ever reaching the happy hunting ground. My forty men will walk from here to Fort C. F. Smith without firing a shot."

"I'll [illegible]," said Governor Smith.

"True," said Captain McCabe.

What was the result?

Forty men walked the 270 miles from Bozeman to Fort C. F. Smith. Indians watched them on every side. By days their progress was signaled by circling columns of smoke and by night by fires from mountain tops. But not a shot was fired. When they got within sight of Fort C. F. Smith the thousand whooping Sioux who held the garrison in siege fled, and the forty frontiersmen from Bozeman marched in and escorted the 200 soldiers back to the territorial capital without the loss of a life. Not a shot had been fired. Not a scalp had been lifted.

Hundreds of people yearly go through painful operations needlessly, because they never tried Man Zan Pile Remedy. It is put up in such a form that it can be applied right where the trouble lies. It relieves the pain and inflammation. It is for any form of the piles. Price 50 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Phar., Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

HOW THEY DINED.

Methods of the English at Table in the Seventeenth Century

[illegible] dinner [illegible] was taken [illegible] at 11 and supper was [illegible] the Normans dined at the old English breakfast time or a little later and supped at 7 p. m. In Tudor times the higher classes dined at 11 and supped at 5, but the [illegible] seldom took their meals before 12 and 6 o'clock.

The chief meals, dinner and supper, were taken in the hall both by the old English and the Normans, for the parlor did not come into use until the reign of Elizabeth. Breakfast did not become a regular meal until quite lately, and Dr. Murray in the Oxford Dictionary gives 1463 as the date of the earliest quotation in which the word occurred. The meal did not become recognized until late in the seventeenth century. Queen Bess habitually took her draft of half a pint of Rhenish wine or a dram of strong waters in place of a morning meal. Dinner was always the great meal of the day, and from the accession of Henry IV. to the death of Queen Elizabeth the dinners were assuming [illegible] served.

Carving was then a fine art. Each guest brought his own knife and spoon. The steel fork was not introduced [illegible] until Thomas Coryat [illegible] published his Crudities in [illegible]

[illegible]

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[illegible]

[illegible] than the timid woman who hangs to her husband.—Atchison Globe.

Canned Paintings

Paintings under glass may now be preserved indefinitely. Had the men of old known this the pictures of Apelles might still live in the first freshness of their colors, and the work of Raphael and Michael Angelo would look today as it looked when it left the painters' hands. The method of preservation is simple. The canvas is placed in a vacuum. It is preserved like fruit. It is sealed up from all the destructive influences of the atmosphere. Since motif figures in the operation the canvas might indeed be said to be canned. There is no reason why paintings kept in this manner in a vacuum should not endure indefinitely.

A Safe Place

General William W. Belknap went to the war of the rebellion as the major of the Fifteenth Iowa infantry. In one of the companies of that regiment was a young fellow named Darby Greely. When the regiment was marching over the gangplanks on to the steamer Sucker State the major sat on his horse close by. As Darby Greely stepped on the plank his mother grabbed him and pulled him to her bosom. With intense emotion she cried and crooned over him and then seeing the major she cried, "Darby, me boy, stick close to the major an' ye'll niver git hurted."

Difficulty

What is difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.—Samuel Warren.

A Good Motto

It is only the thinking man who says things worthy of utterance. Some talk the livelong day yet say nothing. Hang this motto on the wall of memory: "Speak little, say much."

Why She Laughed.

Nell—She always laughs at him so and yet he isn't at all humorous.

Belle—No, but I believe she heard that he had remarked once that he admired her teeth.

Pure hearts are glad, and they who tread the paths of duty find God's world sweet.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

A GREAT BASEBALL SERIES.

How Boston and Providence Battled in the League in 1884

[illegible] series [illegible] National [illegible] Grays [illegible] Boston [illegible] champions of 1883 [illegible] only [illegible] the Hub [illegible] from the [illegible] Every [illegible] that was played [illegible] was attended [illegible] and the excitement was at white heat.

The first game of the series in 1884 was one of sixteen innings and resulted in a tie, the score standing 1 to 1. The pitchers were Charley Radbourne and Jim Whitney, and 10,000 persons saw the battle. The next day Providence won by a score of 2 to 1 in nine innings, and Charley Sweeney struck out nineteen Boston batsmen. Of the first eight games Boston won five and Providence three. When it came the turn [illegible]

[illegible]

Work and Worry

[illegible] Work may be made a joy, and in the joy of work there is no room for worry. Right living, right thinking, work—these are specifics for most of the ills caused by worry.

Dissipation kills.—Atlanta Journal.

The Original New England

Not one man in a thousand living on the Pacific coast knows that as a matter of fact the accents of our mother tongue were heard on the beach not far from San Francisco forty one years before English was spoken on Plymouth Rock. More amusing still is the fact that the original New England was on the Pacific coast, for Francis Drake in 1579, at the close of a month's stay, took possession of the country for his sovereign Elizabeth and named the new acquisition Nova Albion (New England) because he thought the white cliffs near what is now Point Reyes resembled the chalk cliffs near Dover.—Outing.

Men's Hats In Great Britain

There is a difference of two sizes between the average hats worn in Birmingham and Glasgow, and it is generally conceded that the average size in Birmingham is smaller than in any other town in the kingdom. Taking the whole of England the average size of hat required by men is a 7, or nearly twenty two inches in circumference. In Wales 6⅞ is the average, the Irishman averages a 7 full, while the canny Scots average is 7⅛.—Tailor and Cutter.

Where Ignorance Was Not Bliss.

A story is told of a man who, crossing a disused coal field late at night, fell into an apparently bottomless pit and saved himself only by grasping a projecting beam. There he clung with great difficulty all night, only to find when day dawned that his feet were only four inches from the bottom.

Today the Best.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.—Emerson.

It is difficult to say who does you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best.—Bulwer.

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Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 [illegible] p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 12 m.

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Duncan, P. C.

By EMILE GIRARD.

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Marion looked up hopefully as the card was brought her. Even the announcement of Duncan's name was comforting. But the little oblong of cardboard bore in addition to the name, the initials P. C. Perhaps it meant "penitent culprit." Duncan was always doing odd things. The magic letters might be his expression of regret.

But when he came briskly into the room there was no penitential sorrow in his countenance—only the same merry twinkle of the eyes, the old lifting of the corners of the mouth.

"They tell me that Tad is no better," he said as he took Marion's hand. "As you will perceive from my card, I am a physician to children."

Marion's face darkened. This, then, was the meaning of the card. He was worried about her brother. For a moment she was minded to renew the old quarrel, but she needed help and sympathy, and so she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed out her troubles.

Her father had been obliged to go to Europe on business and had taken his wife with him. Marion had been left in charge of her nine-year-old brother, and almost before the ship had passed Sandy Hook Tad had come down with typhoid.

His robust constitution had thrown off the disease, but the battle had left him weak and listless, and even the gray bearded physician was worried.

"There is no actual danger," he explained to Marion, "but he must be roused from this lethargy or he will go into a decline."

He had confided the same fear to Henry Duncan when he met the latter on the street and the younger man had asked after his little chum. Then, despite the misunderstanding between Marion and himself, he could hold out no longer, and his call was the result.

"If he should die before mother comes back, what should I do?" wailed Marion.

"Send a cable," advised Duncan promptly, "but there is not going to be any more worry now that the physician to children has stepped in. May I see my patient?"

Marion led him to the boy's room. Tad's face lighted as he saw Duncan and his fingers twined confidingly about the man's firm hand. Duncan ~~was shocked at the thinness of the~~ fingers, but he gave no sign.

TAD FED THE ELEPHANTS.

"What's the matter, old chap?" he demanded, with a voice now wonderfully gentle. "They tell me you don't find the world any good any more."

"I'm tired," said Tad plaintively.

"I'll bet you'd not be too tired to go to a circus," said Duncan.

Tad shook his head.

"There ain't any," he said. "I was asking Dr. Stanton. He says it's too early for them."

"Circuses are no good if they are picked before they are ripe," admitted Henry, "but if you don't want too big a circus I think I can get one for you."

"I don't want a play circus," explained the boy. "I've got some play circuses. One's in a book, and the other's in the cupboard."

"We got him a toy circus and a circus book," whispered Marion. "He has somehow set his mind on a circus. It will be a long time before one comes."

"There are no more circuses," reiterated Tad sadly. "They've all gone away."

"Rats!" laughed Duncan. "That shows all you know about circuses. Will a little circus do—a real circus, only with one ring?"

"Real horses, real everything?" demanded the boy.

"Everything except the tent and the red lemonade. You see, in winter they keep circuses in houses, so the elephant won't get his ears frostbitten. I bet if you had ears as big as an elephant's you wouldn't like to get your ears frostbitten."

The boy laughed in delight at the fancy and beat the counterpane with his fragile hand.

"Then there's the giraffe," went on Duncan. "Why, when he starts to cough it's a full minute before it wriggles up his throat. So they keep circuses in hothouses, just like plants."

"And there really is circuses?"

"You get rested up and we're going to one tomorrow," assured Henry.

"Really and truly?"

"Man's word," declared Henry as he put out his hand. "Now, you get better quick, so Dr. Stanton won't say that you can't come. I'll be here at 11."

With a pat on the curly head, he rose and left the room. Marion followed him down the hall.

"He will be awfully disappointed tomorrow," she said doubtfully.

"Don't believe it," laughed Duncan. "You leave it to me, and that boy will be champion scrapper of the block in another month. I have Stanton's permission to assume the case. He admits his inability to meet the situation. My fee is very large, though," he warned. "It is nothing less than a wife by the name of Marion."

"I don't think you will be kept waiting for the fee," she replied, blushing. "I'm sorry I was so mean."

"So am I," he agreed absently. "That is," quickly, "I mean I am sorry I was mean. I'll be around in the morning."

She watched him stride up the street with his springy step and turned back into the house greatly comforted. Somehow Henry Duncan always brought comfort where he came. She had been so foolish to allow a petty misunderstanding to come between them!

Tad was sitting up, ready dressed, when Henry drove up to the door the next morning. Already the queer medicine had commenced to act, for he was far more like his old self, and a slight flush of excitement tinged the cheek that had threatened to fade into the waxen pallor of death.

Duncan wrapped the boy up warmly, and, with a flourish of the whip, they were off. Away out past the town they went into the country, not yet freed from the thraldom of Jack Frost, though there was a promise of spring in the soft air.

It was to a place very unlike a circus that Duncan drove, a collection of long, low barns and one large, square building, but when they entered the latter, behold, there was a real circus ring, with a band in one corner laboriously going over unfamiliar music.

A stout man nodded to Henry and stooped to greet Tad.

"You're going to have a circus all to yourself," he promised. "Want to feed the elephant?"

"I haven't any peanuts." Tad's lip began to quiver, but Henry drew a bag from his pocket.

He led the way to one of the barns, where Tad fed the elephants and was permitted to go much closer to the lion's cage than he could at the big circus. A man standing by even plucked a hair from the lion's tail and presented it to Tad with due ceremony. Then they went back to the big building and sat through a long, delightful dress rehearsal of the Boston Brothers' Unparalleled Railroad Circus and Menagerie. He was even permitted to see the cars shining in their new paint and was permitted personally to talk with the clown while Duncan talked with Manager Boston of the chances of an early season in the South.

"Good luck to you," Henry said as they shook hands in parting. "You've saved one youngster's life, and the season is not yet open."

"He'll be a dandy," said Boston as he waved his farewell. "Glad you brought him out."

It was past supper time when Duncan turned a very sleepy little boy over to his sister. Tad looked up drowsily at Marion put him to bed.

"There is circuses," he announced, "really and truly ones like Henry said. And I got a lion's tail," he added as his sleep heavy eyelids closed.

Marion came into the parlor, where Duncan paced the floor.

"Are you a magician?" she asked smilingly. Duncan shook his head.

"I knew Boston was going to take his show south early this year and got permission to bring Tad to the dress rehearsal. Have I earned my fee?"

"How can you earn what was already yours?" demanded Marion as he drew her to him.

Saved From Disgrace.

In one of the old families of Charleston, S. C., writes Mrs. Ravenel, there was an important personage, Jack, the butler. Jack disputed with another old man, Harry, the butler of Mrs. Henry Izard, the reputation of being the best and most thoroughly trained servant in town. From the judging of the wines to the arrangement of a saltspoon there was nothing which these withered brown potentates did not decide and maintain. Nothing would have astonished either more than that master or mistress should dissent from his verdict.

Jack was intolerant of anything which he considered a breach of the etiquette of the table. Nothing could have induced him to serve a gentleman before a lady, or a younger before an older brother. To place fruit and wine on a tablecloth instead of on the mahogany was to him a falling from grace. On one occasion he was much annoyed when a senator from the up country twice asked for rice with his fish. To the first request he simply remained deaf; at the second he bent down and whispered into the senatorial ear. The genial gentleman nodded and suppressed a laugh; but when the servants had left the room he burst into a roar and cried: "Judge, you have a treasure! Jack has saved me from disgrace, from exposing my ignorance. He whispered, 'Tha' wouldn't do, sir; we never eats rice with fish.'"

A Scriptural Bull.

Even the Bible is not free from bulls. In chapter thirty-seven of the book of Isaiah appears the following confusion of ideas: "Then the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and four score and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses."

ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY.

Experiment Suggested by Franklin and Performed by D'Alibard.

To Benjamin Franklin belongs the merit of having perceived that a direct experiment was needed to prove what so far was only a guess. In an article entitled "Opinions and Conjectures Concerning the Properties and Effects of the Electrical Matter Arising From Experiments and Observations Made at Philadelphia, 1749," the following passage occurs:

"To determine the question whether the clouds that contain lightning are electrified or not I would propose an experiment to be tried where it can be done conveniently. On the top of some high tower or steeple place a kind of sentry box big enough to contain a man and an electrical stand. From the middle of the stand let an iron rod rise and pass, bending out of the door and then upright twenty feet or thirty feet, pointed very sharp at the end. If the electrical stand be kept clean and dry a man standing on it when such clouds are passing low might be electrified and afford sparks, the rod drawing fire to him from a cloud.

"If any danger to the man should be apprehended, though I think there would be none, let him stand on the floor of his box and now and then bring near to the rod the loop of a wire that has one end fastened to the leads, he holding it by a wax handle, so the sparks if the rod be electrified will strike from the rod to the wire and not affect him."

The experiment suggested by Franklin was successfully performed in Marly, France, by D'Alibard on May 10, 1752; in London by Canton in Spital square on July 20, 1752, and by Wilson in Chelmsford, Essex, on Aug. 12 of the same year. Franklin himself described, having used a kite in Philadelphia in a letter dated Oct. 19 without giving the date of his observations. Rosenberger (Geschichte der Physik, volume 3, page 319) mentioned that it was done in June.

Franklin's disbelief in the dangerous character of the experiment must have received a severe shock when he heard of the death of G. W. Richman, who, in the year 1753, was killed by an electric discharge drawn from the clouds by means of a kite.

A HOG ORCHESTRA.

French Musician Made the Squealers Sing a Tune.

During the reign of Louis XI. of France there was attached to his court one Abbot de Baigne, a man of considerable wit. The abbot was somewhat musically inclined and delighted the court with inventions of odd musical instruments. One day the king, after having enjoyed a hearty laugh over one of these curious contrivances and desiring to trouble the abbot's genius, commanded him to produce harmonious sounds from the cries of hogs. This seemed an impossibility to the king, and he prepared himself to enjoy the discomfiture of the abbot. Much to his surprise, however, the abbot readily agreed to produce them. All he required was a sum of money, upon receipt of which he declared he would invent the most surprising thing ever heard in the way of musical atrocity.

He scoured the country and secured a large number of hogs, trying their voices as to pitch and quality, and finally, having fully satisfied himself, he arranged the animals in a sort of pavilion richly decorated. The day of the trial arrived, and the king and his court entered the pavilion prepared for something, but greatly in doubt as to the success of the abbot with the hogs.

However, there were the hogs, sure enough, and, much to the surprise and delight of the king, they commenced to cry harmoniously and in good time, rendering an air that was fairly recognized. The abbot had arranged a series of stops that were connected with the hogs and upon pulling one of them out caused a spike to prick the hog it connected with, making him squeal his note. The rest was easy, for by pulling out the different stops he produced the tune.

A Ring Island.

Many coral reef islands in the Pacific are in the form of more or less perfect rings, or ovals, inclosing lagoons. The ring island of Ninafou, halfway between Fiji and Samoa, is not a coral reef, but a volcanic ring inclosing a crater containing a lake two miles in diameter. Toward the sea the ring is bordered with walls of black lava, and on the inner side these break down in cliffs 200 to 300 feet in height. An eruption in 1886 formed a peninsula on the eastern side of the lake. While the ocean outside is trembling and thundering under a heavy wind the lake remains smooth or is simply wrinkled with ripples.

The Time to Cry "Halt!"

If one be watchful there comes a time in the life of every man and woman when one or more discoveries are made. The walk is not so brisk, the shoulders have got into a way of slumping forward and the back is not so erect as formerly. Now is the time to cry "Halt!" It is the time to drill the body, the time to revise sleep, diet, exercise, occupation, relaxation and all habits. Every son and daughter of humanity should refuse this gradual yielding to decay.

The Difference.

"I always thought," remarked an English judge, "that a parasol and a sunshade were the same."

"No," replied the witness on the stand; "a sunshade is to keep the sun off; a parasol is to flirt with."

Those who occupy their minds too much with small matters generally become incapable of great.—La Roche.

WHEN HE HUSTLED.

By Abbie F. Ransom.

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She stood by the window watching the retreating figure of the young man too much absorbed to notice the entrance of her father until he was by her side. Without speaking she leaned her arm upon his shoulder and thus they watched until the young man was no longer in sight. Then her father spoke:

"It won't do, Elsie. You've got to tell him I said so. He isn't the one."

The hand which had been caressing his hair was thrown out with indignant protest and the girl faced him, pained surprise in every curve of the dainty lips.

"What's wrong, father?" she demanded. "Why haven't you said that before?"

The gray eyes gazing into her own held far more kindness than his words. They were full of stern decision.

"Because I haven't been sure. Now I am. Fred Denton can never support a wife. He isn't able to now, and he never will be. You've got to call it off."

"But, father," she began.

"It's no use, Elsie," he interrupted. "It isn't in him. A young man to succeed nowadays must get out and hustle, and that's something Fred Denton will never do. He spends his time in his office reading, reading, reading, and that never brought patient to a doctor yet.

"Why, the other night there was an accident at Cedar Glens. Kensett was mixed up in it. Had a drunken chauffeur, and the whole car came precious near going over the cliff. Would have gone if it hadn't been for a young man who understood sprinting and who saved it in the nick of time.

"As it was, Kensett got off with a broken collar bone, a friend of his came home with a smashed head, and—well, you read it in the papers. That sawbones is fixed for life just because he happened to be on the spot and knew what to do and how to do it. But it wasn't Denton. He was in his office reading up the microbes of leprosy or some other outlandish disease."

"Fred was just telling me," began Elsie, when her father cut her short.

"Then, too, he had a little money in one of the banks. Where's that? He wasn't content to let it stay where it was. He asked me what I thought about Aurora stocks, and I told him they weren't worth the matches to burn 'em, but he invested in them. Where's the money? Now you see 'em and now you don't."

"Father, if you would only listen"—

"Listen to what? The same old story of love in a cottage and your sixty a year! I've got a deal on hand and won't be home before tomorrow night. In the meantime you just give me that ring on your finger and I'll return it to Fred Denton, M. D."

Slowly his daughter drew off the ring, a curious expression growing in her eyes, one which her father was quick to observe.

"See here, Elsie," he said as he took it from her. "I want you to promise that if he calls you won't see him until I give you permission; that is, if I ever do."

"You are very unjust, father; if you would only listen"—

"I've waited too long already," he responded, starting off. "Mind your promise, Elsie; there isn't to be any more of this nonsense."

"Perhaps there'll be more instead of less," she murmured as the door closed behind him. Then she went up the stairs to her room with a tread as full of decision as his tones had been.

It didn't take long for her to reappear dressed for the street, and fifteen minutes later she surprised a certain young man who was very busily engaged doing nothing at all in a pleasantly furnished office of a downtown business block.

"He wouldn't give me a chance to say a single word," she concluded indignantly.

Fred Denton smiled complacently into her flushed face. There was no trace of the despondent lover about him.

"We won't try to explain," he said. "Suppose you take this trip to New York with me this morning? You look very bride-y," he answered. "White dress, white hat, white shoes and gloves. Really, Elsie, one would almost believe that you had dressed purposely for a wedding trip."

"Fred Denton, you don't believe"—she paused, crimson to the very ears. Then she added irrelevantly:

"Father ran away with mother; I've heard him tell about it time and time again."

"Come on," Denton cried.

"It doesn't seem right, Fred. Father has always been the kindest, the best father in existence, and he is doing this just because he loves me."

"That's just the reason we're doing what we are," was his ready response. "Come, dear, we haven't a moment to lose. You go to the Wilson avenue station and take the train from there, while I'll trolley it to Woodlawn and get on board at that place. Then no one will see us together until after we leave the city and we are all O. K."

A ten minutes' wait for the New York express is a time altogether inadequate for repentance and home going. Besides, there was the danger of discovery, and no one of Elsie Kingston's makeup ever flinched when danger was in the air.

Then there was her ticket to buy, her seat to secure and the ten minutes had come and gone before she thought of looking for friend or foe in that crowded railway car.

At Woodlawn station she saw Fred Denton swing himself upon the platform of the smoker, but the city streets were far behind them, and the train was speeding fast through the country meadows before he joined her. When he did, he held in his hand a little circlet of gold whose center held a very familiar diamond. Slipping into the seat beside her, he said:

"Better put this upon your finger. It's been away from its place too long already."

"Why, Fred," she gasped, "where did you get that?"

"Your father handed it to me a few moments ago."

"Father! Where is he? Where did you see him?"

"He's back there in the smoker," he replied nonchalantly. "He gave it to me just after the train left Woodlawn."

Her face went white.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. I was passing through the car on my way to you when he hailed me and said in the pleasantest tone imaginable: 'Mr. Denton, I promised my daughter to give you this package. There isn't to be any answer.' I took it from him, with an 'All right,' and came on into the next car, sitting where I knew he could see me from his seat. Then I waited awhile and hunted you up."

"He told me this morning he was going away for a couple of days." Tears were very near her eyes. "Oh, Fred, if he should see us and try to make a scene! What will we do?"

"See here, little girl," said Denton tenderly, "you've got your engagement ring back again, haven't you? Now, in the course of three or four hours I intend to supplement that with a plain gold band. Don't you worry. Aurora stocks may have gone up in hot air, but I didn't. Your father wants you to marry a hustler. Now, you just watch me deliver the goods when he calls for them."

"First call for dinner! First call for dinner!" cried the porter on his way to the smoker.

"Shall we go now," Denton asked, "or do you prefer waiting a little?"

"Father always likes an early dinner," she answered, "and he'll be sure to pass through here very soon. There won't be so many in the dining car. Let's go now."

They found a vacant table in the far end of the dining car and seated themselves there. Scarcely had their order been served when Kingston entered. Elsie, raising her eyes, saw him standing in the aisle, and she gave a little sigh, which made Denton look quickly around. A moment more, and he was by their table.

"I will sit here," he said to the waiter. "Bring my plate to this table." When they were alone he spoke again, this time to his daughter.

"Is this the way you keep promises?"

"You did not ask me to promise not to meet Fred," she answered. "So just after you left I went to his office."

"Then what?" he asked.

"Then," said Fred, before Elsie could speak, "I asked Elsie to take this trip with me and she consented."

"Huh!" grunted Kingston. "A wedding trip, I presume."

"Hardly that!" responded Denton, "as we are not married yet. We just expect to be when we reach New York."

"Then what?" The question was asked in a tone which made Elsie quiver.

"Nothing much," Denton answered coolly, "only Aurora stocks brought me in a neat three thousand more than I put into them, and yesterday I secured a position as house physician in the Woodlawn sanitarium, and that's good for a couple of thousand a year."

"What's that?" asked Kingston sharply.

"You see, Kensett is one of the most influential men connected with that institution, and the little service I was fortunate enough to render the night that drunken chauffeur tried to kill him brought me the place. I've worked for it for three months, but that clinched it sure."

"I thought that was a fellow by the name of Lent," growled Kingston.

"That's what the papers said. I didn't care whether they called the Lent or Easter so long as I got the place and Elsie with it."

"Why didn't you keep me from making a fool of myself?" her father demanded, turning to his daughter with a well affected semblance of wrath.

For answer she rested her elbows upon the table, her chin in her hands, and gazed fixedly into his eyes for an instant; then she said earnestly:

"You are improving, father. I was afraid you might lay the blame for that defect in your constitution upon the Lord. Most people do."

Three hours later in the parlor of the Little Church Around the Corner the bride was given away by her father.

The Intruder.

A Washington man was telling some one of the trials of his wife, an excellent housekeeper, with reference to the servant problem. Just about the time the mistress would get a new girl broken to the ways of the household and she would bid fair to become a model servant she would decamp or enter the service of a neighbor. One of these, a Mrs. B., had incurred the especial enmity of the first woman, for she had lately taken two servants from Mrs. Brown. One night Brown was aroused from his slumbers by queer sounds in the kitchen. "Burglars!" he hoarsely whispered in the ear of his spouse as he prepared to tumble out of bed and proceed downstairs. "Edward," calmly observed the wife, "I'd give anything to possess your optimistic nature. Always looking on the bright side. I'll wager anything it's that idiotic B. woman trying to get Mary away from me."

PRAYERS BEFORE BATTLE.

Curious Invocations by Famous Historical Personages.

One of the earliest records in history of a prayer before battle is that of Childeric, king of Gaul, a pagan, who before going into battle at Zuelpich, some 400 years after Christ, prayed to the God of the Christians to help him to victory. His foe was Attila, king of the Huns, and Childeric vowed if God would give him the victory he would embrace the Christian faith.

The prayer of a Hungarian officer before one of the battles fought for the independence of Hungary in 1849 was as follows: "I will not ask thee, Lord, to help us, and I know thou wilt not help the Austrians, but if thou wilt sit on yonder hill thou shalt not be ashamed of thy children." This was the prayer of the "Fighting Bishop" Leslie before one of the battles fought in Ireland: "O God, for our unworthiness we are not fit to claim thy help, but if we are bad our enemies are worse, and if thou seest not meet to help us we pray thee help them not, but stand thou neuter on this day and leave it to the arm of the flesh."

The one offered before the battle of Edgehill by Sir Jacob Astley was, "Thou knowest, O Lord, that I shall be very busy this day, and if I forget thee forget thou not me," and then the command followed, "March on, boys!" As King Edward advanced with his columns to Bannockburn he remarked to his aids, seeing the Scotch on their knees: "See, they kneel. The rebels are asking pardon." D'Umphraville was heard to remark: "Yes, but it is to the King of kings. These men conquer or die on this field."

Oliver Cromwell had public prayers before going to battle on several occasions; as, for instance, previous to the battle of Dunbar. It is a curious fact that the English prayer book contains prayers, or at least one prayer, to be said before going into action at sea, while nothing is provided for use before engagements on land.

OLD BIRDS' NESTS.

Many Feathered Creatures Use the Same Ones Year After Year.

"That common expression for worthlessness, 'It has no more value than a last year's bird's nest!'" said a bird fancier, "is often far from correct. The majority of our birds do leave their nests after raising a brood, but many do not, and their nests are used through a succession of years. I have known some birds to use their nests ten years in succession, and so persistent are they that many times the female will return even after the nest has been robbed and the mate killed. Among these users of perennial nests are the wrens, some of the swallow family, bluebirds, great crested flycatchers, some of the owls, eagles, chickadees and some woodpeckers.

"They repair the nest each year and often build it over. A little wren has made its nest in a hole in a tree in my garden and has occupied it for the last eight years. Each year it has piled on new stuff till the hole is almost filled up. Some say that as soon as it becomes crowded the birds will clean it out. I know of a bluebird's nest that has been occupied for several years. It is the same female year after year, for she has two black wing feathers and is lame.

"Birds that build in exposed situations, like hangbirds, always build anew each season, and some others build anew for every brood. Some never build. They either lay in the nests of other birds or in the sand. The eagle and the owl make a framework of sticks and slight repairs are needed. Many birds' nests that you find have never been used. For instance, the marsh wren builds several with the idea that in the case of disturbance the male will attract attention to the nests other than that in which the female is brooding and so shield her from enemies."

An Ishmaelite of the Plains.

The dead thing, wherever it lies, still remains the coyote's choicest feast. A creature without a friend, an Ishmaelite whom men and animals have combined in despising, the ideal thief and vagabond of the animal world, this gray, gaunt figurehead of the western world still survives as much the owner of his empire as he was in the days when his ancestors looked with cock eared astonishment and staccato exclamations upon the expedition of Lewis and Clark feeling its way slowly across that transmissouri wilderness whose future was then undreamed.—James W. Steele in Outing Magazine.

Snuff Taking In London.

Snuff taking is a common habit among certain classes of the London poor. It shows its effects in rambling speech, pallid aspect and dejected demeanor, resembling the symptoms of the morphia taker. The practice is especially common among women, and an observer says that women in the prisoner's dock in the police court will have their hair decorated with curl papers which contain each the pinch of snuff needed for consolation.

Its Advantage.

Knicker—Why do you prefer serial stories?

Flatter—Because it's the only thing on the installment plan they can't take away.

Not Very Flattering.

She—Emma is the prettiest, but Lena is the smartest. Now, which would you rather marry, beauty or brains?

He (very far gone)—Neither. I'd rather marry you.

Conceit may puff a man up, but it can never prop him up.—Ruskin.

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BLOOD SUBSTITUTE.

Why Saline Solution Is Sometimes Injected Into the Veins.

Occasionally in cases of serious wounds where there has been great loss of blood the published reports state that "saline solution" was injected into the veins to supply the deficiency. The average reader, however, has a very vague if any idea how a solution of salt takes the place of blood.

Not to go into a complete analysis of the blood, it is sufficient to note that of 1,000 parts, 780.15 is composed of water; albumen 65 parts, sodium and potassium 8.371, coloring matter (supplied by the red blood corpuscles) 133, leaving only some 12 parts to be composed of fibrin, fat, calcium and magnesium, etc. Where there is serious loss of blood a state of collapse sets in because, the normal weight of blood being reduced, the heart's action is diminished, there being less resistance for that organ to overcome.

To counteract the result of shock and collapse it is necessary to stimulate the heart by restoring the normal weight; in other words, to get it to work by giving it something to work on. As the analysis shows, of 1,000 parts of blood nearly 800 are composed of water and sodium, and therefore a plain saline solution makes a good substitute. The heart does not know the difference, and it goes on pumping away as usual as soon as this imitation blood gets in the veins. The saline solution serves to tide the patient over the danger point. As the food is converted into chyle new blood is formed, the red corpuscles are supplied rapidly from the normal tissues, and the saline solution is thrown off through the secretions in the usual way.

Formerly transfusion of blood was the means employed, but this always objectionable method has been supplanted. The greatest objection to the transfusion of blood from one person to another was that in supplying the necessary amount to restore the wounded patient it was inevitable that the volunteer should be almost as bad [illegible] have two patients on his hands. There [illegible] was always the [illegible] to the patient with the other's blood. Dogs and sheep [illegible] surgery [illegible] but most people [illegible] from beasts [illegible] their [illegible].

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The first of the modern bank notes were made in China about the year 1000 A. D.

Blood in its natural state contains a surprising amount of pure air, amounting to nearly seven-eighths of its entire bulk.

The wasp's nest is constructed of a first class article of papier mache, made from the pulp of wood, with an animal glue specially prepared by the wasps for the purpose.

The honey of the snapdragon cannot be extracted by the common bee, which has not weight enough to pull down the lower jaw of this curious flower. Only the bumblebee has access to the interior.

The first trapdoor was made by a species of African spider which has its nest in the ground and closes the entrance by means of a trapdoor opening outwardly and covered with bits of earth and grass in order to escape observation.

Women's Love of Ugly Men.

The illustrious men in history who were distinguished as much for the fascination which they exercised over the fair sex as for their talents and ability were, as a rule, plain and insignificant in appearance. Julius Caesar was a very ill favored man, and yet when a mere stripling, before his fame in Rome, girls of his own age sighed for him and mature women longed for his love. Among the men of later times who were renowned in like manner were Sir Philip Sidney, plain almost to ugliness; Paul Scarron, the comic poet, a cripple; Voltaire, unmistakably ugly, and Rousseau, whose manners were awkward as his face was plain, while John Wilkes, who had the power to subjugate any woman who spoke to him for even five minutes, was admitted by his own showing to be the ugliest man in England in his time.

The Toe Nails.

Owing to the friction and pressure to which toe nails are exposed in all persons who wear boots or shoes there is a great tendency to thickening on the underpart of the free growth, the portion of the nail that extends beyond the toe point. This thickened part sometimes gets pressed against the flesh, and then very painful corns result. The preventive treatment is to keep the nails cut short and to remove the rather soft thickened parts with a blunt pocket knife or scissors blade.

Pleasant.

"Tommy," said the young man to his prospective brother-in-law, aged five, "will you be sorry when I marry your sister?"

"Yes," answered the little fellow; "I'll be sorry for you."

The Difference.

Harry—Do you know the difference between capital and labor? Jack—No. Harry—Well, if I loaned you 25 cents, that would be capital, and if I tried to get it back that would be labor.

The Drawback.

"So Snooks married his stenographer? Well, she doesn't have to work any more."

"Well, she doesn't draw wages any more."—Cleveland Leader.

A Puzzler.

An old white haired darky living on a plantation, not feeling well, had the doctor pay him a visit. The doctor told him, as he was getting old he must eat plenty of chicken and stay out of damp night air. "But, sah," said the old darky, "how can you expect me to stay in de house at night and still get my chickens?"

THE FREEZING PROCESS.

Why It Is That Ice at Times Will Crack or Burst.

Ice never bursts from freezing. As soon as the liquid of which it is composed is frozen solid expansion ceases. The crackling or bursting of ice is brought about in this way: When water is subjected to extreme cold ice crystals will gradually form on its surface until the same are covered with a thin coat of what appears to be wet snow. From this outer coating of ice crystals all subsequent freezing goes downward, the ice thickening according to the degree of cold. The water which is being converted into ice now begins to expand, creating a pressure upon the unfrozen water below. This pressure is both downward and outward, and in case the water under observation is in a vessel the sides and bottom of the receptacle supply the resistance.

As the freezing process continues the pressure upon the confined water and air in the interior of the bulk increases until something yields. If the vessel be stronger than the ice stratum that has formed over the surface the layer of ice will be bent upward at the center, that being the weakest point, on account of the fact that the outer edges of the congealed mass are frozen fast to the sides of the vessel in which the experiment is being made. In this condition the center of the ice continues to rise or bulge until it bursts from the resistance of the water below. Could the vessel be tapped from below and the water drawn off no amount of freezing would be sufficient to crack or bulge the ice layer on the surface.

THE "GWEED NEEBORS."

A Belief in Fairies Still Exists In Parts of Scotland.

There still lingers a widespread belief in the north of Scotland that the "fair folk," or "gweed neebors," as the fairies are called, still live, [illegible] during the first days of convalescence a mother must be zealously guarded lest one of the "wee people" come and rob the child of its nourishment. Sometimes they succeed in carrying off the mother. Here is one of the superstitious legends:

A north country fisher had a fine child. One evening a beggar woman entered the hut and went up to the cradle to gaze into the eyes of the babe. From that time good health left it, and a strange look came into its face, and the mother was troubled. An old man begging for food passed that way. When he caught sight of the child he cried:

"That's nae a bairn. It's an image, and the 'gweed folk' has stown his speerit."

Thereupon he set to work to recall the fisher's bairn. A peat fire was [illegible] high on the hearth and a black hen held over it at such a distance that it was singed and not killed. After some struggling the hen escaped up the lum. A few moments elapsed, and then the parents were gladdened by the sight of a happy expression once more on the child's face. It throve from that day forward.—Spectator.

It Might Have Been Worse.

Mark Twain, during one of his lecture tours, was waiting at a station for a delayed train. The lecture committee and several townsmen were with him and talking their best to pass the time away. One man told about a frightfully unhealthy town he had read about, and it was a gruesome tale of dying and burials and that sort. "It might have been worse," Twain followed, in his slow and direct manner. "I lived in that same town for two years, and I never died once—not a single time." The way he said it seemed to daze the crowd, and not a man said a word in response. "Of course you may think I'm lying," the humorist continued, "and I'm sorry, for I can't get any witnesses to testify that I didn't, because everybody else that lived there is dead."

Germany's Strict Laws.

In no country is the government more strict than in Germany. If a foreigner wishes to remain in a town for some days he must take his passport to the police and receive in exchange for it, together with a sixpenny piece, a permit card, which entitles him to remain there for six months. The passport is pigeonholed. If, however, you desire to change your lodging both you and your landlord must give notice to the police. This system recommends itself not a little, for it prevents pauper immigration. No German is allowed to leave the country unless he can show he has done the military service required of him. If a man is on the point of starting he must delay his departure until he gets a passport showing that he is a free man.

Moisten the Buttonhole.

Every man knows the difficulty and agony of a refractory collar stud. With a breakfast to eat, a train to catch and an appointment to keep, few things are more maddening than the collar which simply will not ally itself to the stud. But few things are so easy to remedy. All that is necessary is to dip the thumb and forefinger in water and slightly moisten the obstinate buttonhole. Then the stud slips in without a murmur.

A Fact.

De Style—Call a man a brick and he feels pleased. Gunbusta—He does. De Style—But call him a hard, red, inanimate, oblongated object and he'll resent it.

Just a Suggestion.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the excited woman who had mislaid her husband. "I'm looking for a small man with one eye."

"Well, madam," replied the polite shopwalker, "if he's a very small man maybe you'd better use both eyes."

A Thoughtful Wife.

"Why did you tell your husband that there would be three parts to the concert? There are only two."

"Yes, I know, but he will be so pleased when it leaves off sooner than he expects."—Fliegende Blatter.

THE HERCULES BEETLE.

This South American Giant Is the Biggest Bug In the World.

To the Hercules [illegible] insects, which is found in certain portions of Central and South America as well as in the island of Dominica, one of the British West Indies, belongs the distinction of being the biggest bug in the world. In appearance this creature is anything but prepossessing and looks as if it belonged with pink snakes, purple spiders and other creatures of the imagination.

It is a common trait of tourists and travelers to make little of anything seen in foreign lands, especially in the little West Indian islands, and to declare that similar things of vastly greater size or better quality occur in "God's country." When they run across the Hercules beetle, however, they are obliged to acknowledge themselves beaten.

Although so formidable in appearance, this insect is perfectly harmless. It lives in the heavy forests and feeds on the sweetish sap or gum of native trees. The larva, or grub, is about four inches long and as thick as a man's thumb and looks like a huge white maggot. It is considered a delicacy by the native negroes and Caribs, who roast it in hot ashes and say that it tastes like roasted nuts.

Clumsy in appearance, the Hercules beetle possesses great powers of flight, and in the outlying villages it is not uncommon for one of these huge creatures to enter the native houses, being attracted thereto by the lights. The invariable result is a prompt extinguishing of the candle by the wind created by the beetle's buzzing, whose accompaniment by screams from the inmates of the house, who imagine a jumbie, or evil spirit, has invaded their dwelling.

A popular belief among the natives is that the Hercules beetle saws off limbs of trees by grasping them between the two hornlike appendages and flying round and round. This is a manifest impossibility, as the insect has but little power in the horns, and, moreover, the upper one is lined with a soft, velvety hair, which would be rubbed off at once by any friction.

TABLECLOTHS.

The "Doublers" and the "Bubbles" of Olden Times.

In the twelfth century the tablecloths were very large and were always laid on the table double. For a long time they were called "doublers" for that reason. The cloth was first placed so as to touch the floor on the side of the table at which the guests sat. Then all the cloth that remained was folded so that it just covered the table.

Charles V. had sixty-seven tablecloths, which were from fifteen to twenty yards long and two yards wide. He had one cloth which was thirty-two yards long, and that had the arms of [illegible] embroidered on it in silk. All of these were fringed.

In the sixteenth century "doublers," or double cloths, were replaced by two tablecloths, one of which was small and was laid just as we lay ours today.

The other, which was put on over it, was large and of beautifully figured linen. It was skillfully folded in such a way that, as a book of that time says, "it resembled a winding river, gently ruffled by a little breeze, for among very many little folds were here and there great bubbles."

It must have required much art and care to make dishes, plates, saltcellars, sauce dishes and glasses stand steadily in the midst of this undulating sea and among those "bubbles" and puffy folds.

However, the fashion had only a short existence, as is apt to be the case with unpractical fashions, and toward the latter part of the century a single cloth, laid flat and touching the floor on all sides of the table, came into general use.

Not the Same Bill.

After much persuasion Sir John Astley allowed himself to be put forward some years ago as a Conservative candidate for parliament from Lincolnshire. He confessed he knew little about politics, but entered into the campaign as pure sport. One day he addressed a meeting of electors at a village in the Isle of Axholme, and when he had finished somebody challenged his hearers to fire questions at him. Presently there came the query, "What do you think of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's liquor bill?" For a moment Sir John was nonplused, but only for a moment. Pulling himself together, he replied: "I cannot answer for Sir Wilfrid Lawson's liquor bill, but I do know that last year my own was a deuced sight too big!"

The Holly.

The holly in Germany is called Christdorn, or Christ's thorn, the legend being that it was of this plant that the crown of thorns was made. In France the honor is assigned to the hawthorn, which is there called the noble thorn. In Spain the legend assigns the honor to the bramble. An old Scotch legend makes the crown to consist of thistle blades, while in the folklore of England the climbing rose is said to have been the plant selected by the persecutors.

Enthusiasm.

Nothing else is so contagious as enthusiasm. It is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus. It moves stone. It charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victory without it.—Bulwer Lytton.

If we had no failings ourselves we should not take so much pleasure in finding out those of others.—Rochefoucauld.

The Jury.

"When I goes to de co'thouse," said Uncle Eben, "it sometimes looks to me like de jury was a committee to award a prize to de smartest lawyer."—Washington Star.

Culture indicates superiority, and superiority impresses others.—Marden.

THE DREAD OF RABIES.

Out of All Proportion to the Frequency of the Disease.

Few accidents [illegible] more terrifying to the sufferer than to be bitten by a dog supposed to be mad, [illegible] there are few conditions in which prompt and intelligent action on the part of the bystanders is more desirable.

Although nearly all warm blooded animals are susceptible to rabies, it is most commonly seen in dogs. There are two forms, the "furious" and the "dumb." In the furious type after a period of melancholy or depression the animal becomes restless and irritable, with a tendency to run away and snap at everything in sight, finally becoming subdued and sullen and dying of paralysis and exhaustion. In dumb rabies the stage of irritability is absent. The dog prowls about in a listless way, with his head down and lower jaw dropped. At the same time there is difficulty in swallowing.

It is often impossible to tell from a dog's actions whether it is rabid or not. But if instead of killing the animal as quickly as possible, as is often unwisely done, the owner captures it and keeps it for a few days under lock and key the question answers itself. A rabid dog always dies in from four to eight days, so that if the animal recovers the bitten persons may be sure that they are not going to develop hydrophobia.

In any suspicious case the wound should immediately be squeezed under hot water and if deep be incised freely, so that cauterization with either a hot iron or with strong nitric acid, not with lunar caustic, may be thoroughly done. At the same time the dog should be kept under close watch, or if already killed, the head and neck should be packed in ice and preserved for medical examination.

Even if it becomes certain that the animal was rabid the patient should not despair, for it is estimated that only 15 per cent of those bitten by rabid animals actually develop the disease, and if the Pasteur preventive inoculations are promptly begun recovery is almost certain.

The popular dread of rabies is out of all proportion to the relative frequency of the disease, and the length to which it may go is shown by the instances in which people have developed and even died of false hydrophobia, a nervous condition due to fright and simulating to some extent the real malady.—Youth's Companion.

BURNING THE YULE LOG.

A Survival From the Adoration Once Offered to the Sun.

In some parts of Germany the Yule log is placed on the hearth on Christmas eve and if possible kept burning for two or three days. Then it is [illegible] for the next year's log and of guarding the household from harm. Pieces of the wood charred but not quite burned out in the Christmas fire are also placed under the family bed in some German villages to avert the dreaded lightning stroke, which appears in this relation as the type of fire in its evil aspect, in contradistinction from the solar fire, the representative of beneficent light and warmth. The custom of burning a Yule log for three days and nights in each homestead is almost certainly a survival from the adoration once offered to the sun at the winter solstice.

Three centuries after the Christian era sun worship was still maintained in Brittany, and in Normandy not more than [illegible] years ago the household fire was extinguished on Dec. 24 and the Christmas log was ignited by the aid of a flame procured from the lamp burning in the neighboring church. This fact affords a curious instance of the probable transference of respect and reverence from the sacred fire of a purely heathen creed to the ecclesiastical lights of Catholicism. When the pagan rites for procuring unsullied fire were forbidden or fell into desuetude the ideas to which they owed their origin and development, instead of perishing, continued to exist more or less perfectly by attaching themselves to usages and ceremonies having no direct association with them.

Colds and Cologne.

Grip and colds, according to a French physician, will yield if met at the very beginning with a copious supply of the best cologne. Pour the cologne into a handkerchief, rolled to a funnel and inhale the fumes steadily every two or three minutes. After a burning sensation has been experienced one may wait ten or fifteen minutes before taking another sniff. If the bad symptoms have not subsided after twelve hours of this remedy it shows that the malady was too far under way.

Closer to Nature.

We get closer to nature when we are creating, whether in art, in literature, in invention or in working at new and progressive ideas. We can feel our mind reach out into infinity and grasp and bring back something fresh, new, something never seen on this earth before.—Success Magazine.

Stood by His Theory.

Thales, the ancient philosopher, declared that there was no difference between life and death. "Why, then," cried one of those to whom the remark was made, "don't you put an end to your life?" "Because," was the reply, "there is no difference."

A Test of Courage.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in meeting it with the eyes open.—Richter.

Tell a man that he is brave and you help him to become so.—Carlyle.

At Midnight.

Mamma—Oh, no, Paregoric would not be good for him. Papa—Maybe not, but I think it would be good for the rest of the family.

He that is proud eats up himself.—Shakespeare.

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